

The Smart Screen Magazine

SAMPLE COPY

SCREENLAND[★]

May

NOW
15^c
20c in Canada

Joan Crawford

Charles Schulz

Joan Crawford Confesses!

Rare Photographs of Garbo

Visit a Star in Hollywood—See Page 26 for New Contest



3000 B. C. — Food — tough wild meat which was gnawed from the bones; roots, and coarse grains. They had perfect teeth then. And their health must have been remarkable for them to survive the rigors of uncivilized life.

TODAY — NEARLY 5000 YEARS LATER Science has made great progress, but several troubles have never been conquered—tooth decay, mouth and gum disorders which bring a train of serious results.



A NEW HEALTH HABIT MAY CORRECT THESE MISTAKES OF CIVILIZATION

CHEWING, doctors say, was the cause of primitive man's fine teeth. *Chewing* kept him healthy. It is because we no longer *chew* enough that many of the present day physical handicaps persist. Exercising all the parts of the oral cavity is essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws, and mouth structure.

Dentyne — a special chewing gum — helps overcome these conditions just as our ancestors were helped by chewing tough meats, coarse grains, and by gnawing roots. Because it has a special consistency — *a special chew* — it exercises the mouth. It causes the flow of saliva to return to normal, cleansing the mouth and teeth and increasing the flow of blood to all the mouth tissues.

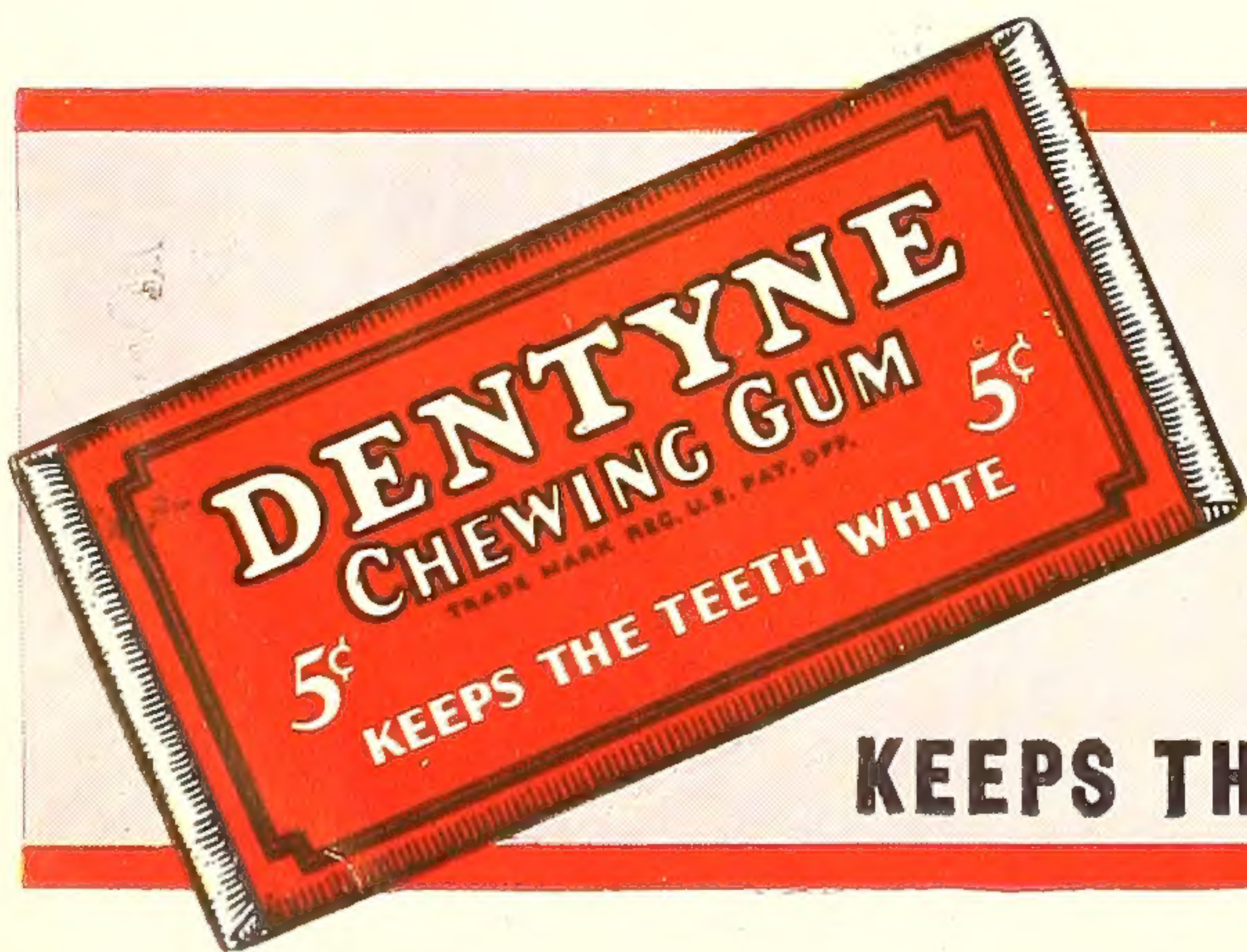
KEEPS TEETH WHITE — Here is an aid to health for your family in the pleasantest form, for Dentyne is delicious. Here are healthy mouths and white, beautiful teeth. See to it that every member of your family chews Dentyne every day for five minutes. Be as regular about this as about other health habits. It is just as important.

READ THIS REPORT

Chewing certain tough substances every day is absolutely essential to the proper development of the teeth, gums, jaws and mouth structure:

- 1 To supply the masticatory exercise important to develop the mouth structure properly. This is now lacking due to the elimination of coarse, tough foods from our diet.
- 2 To exercise the jaws and improve the condition of the tooth sockets and teeth.
- 3 To increase the flow of saliva which helps keep the mouth and teeth clean.
- 4 To help keep the throat and mouth and gums in a healthy condition by exercise which insures a proper supply of blood to all tissues.

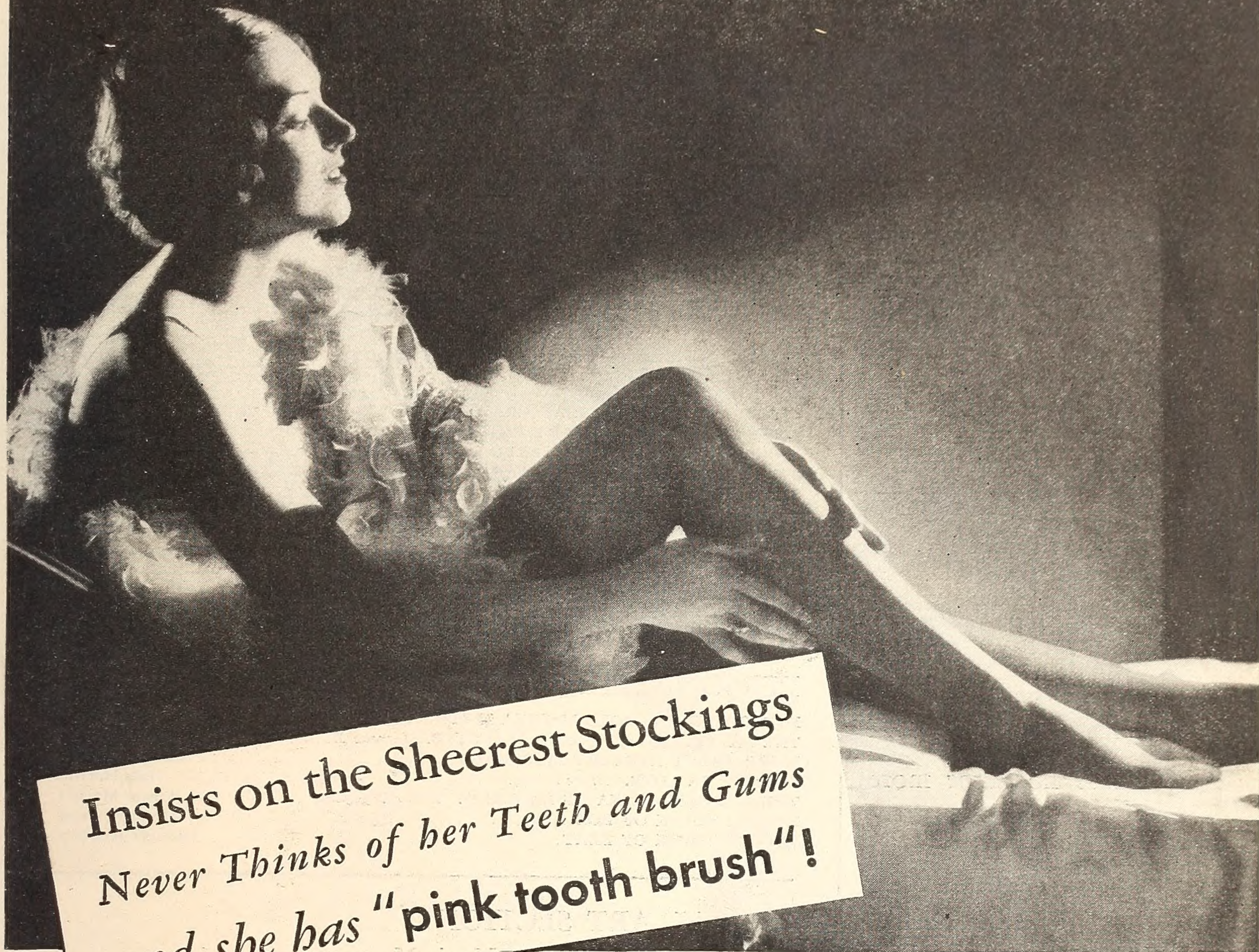
Dentyne has exactly the right tough consistency to give you these results. Thus the regular use of Dentyne will keep the mouth healthy and the teeth white.



Chew delicious
Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY — — — — — KEEPS TEETH WHITE

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Insists on the Sheerest Stockings
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE *insists* on silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them. But to the glamour and loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a second thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—then the health of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. O-53
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

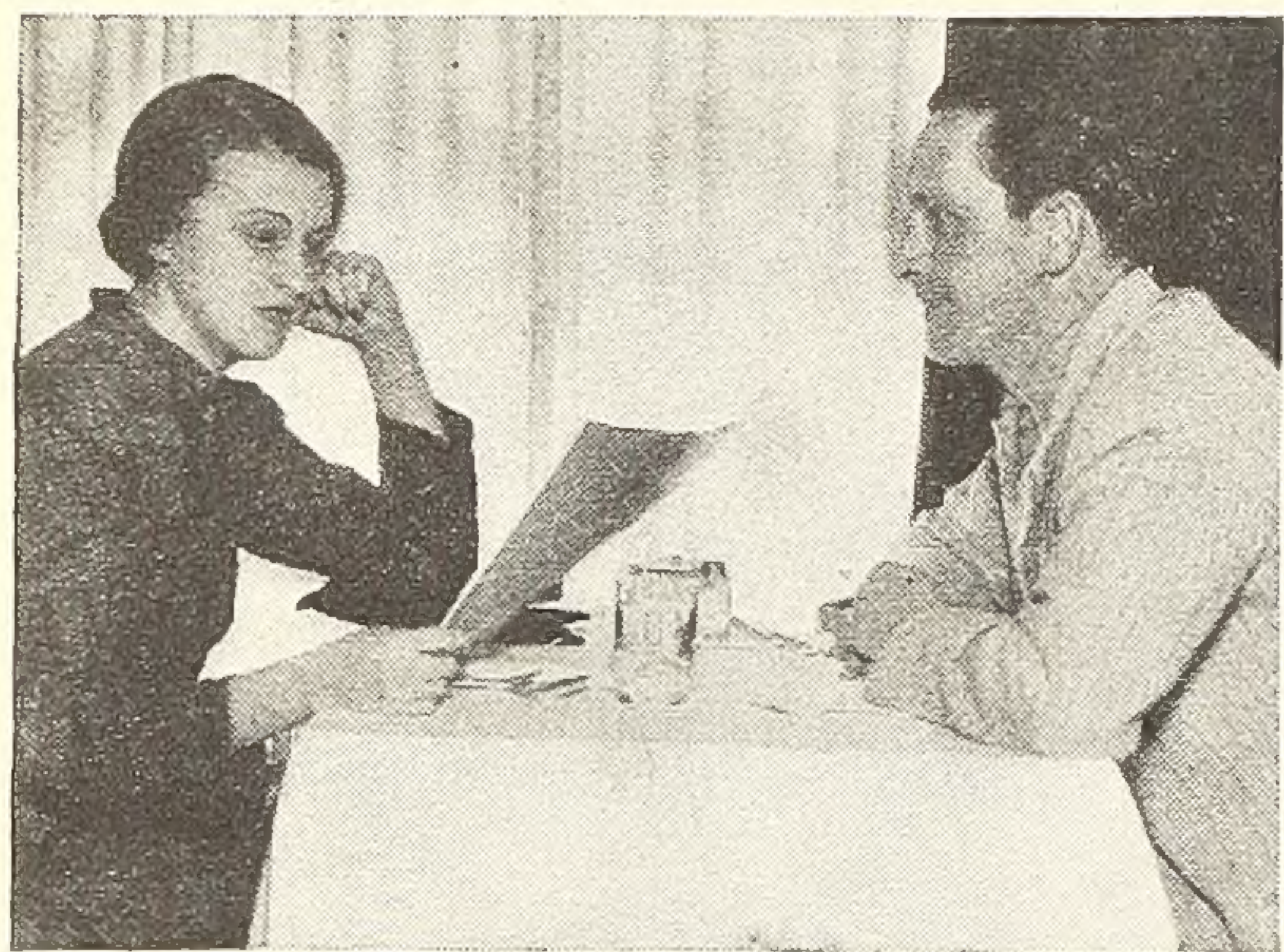
City..... State.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

APR -3 1933

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

Florence Eldridge March interviewing her husband Freddie!

Why I Married Fredric March By Florence Eldridge March

THERE is no actor more popular on the screen to-day than Fredric March. You have read about him, of course, many times. But it remains for SCREENLAND, as usual, to present the star in a new and *original* light. You will meet a different Freddie March when you read the story in which his wife talks about him, the man she fell in love with and married. There is added interest in this story since Mrs. March has resumed her screen career—you have doubtless seen her with Richard Dix in "The Great Jasper," and she also appears in "Shame of Temple Drake."

May, 1933

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Our Movie Masqueraders

Clark Gable. *Sorrowful Lady* (Katharine Hepburn). *Classic Clown* (Jimmie Durante). *Grimness in the Shadows* (Gary Cooper). *Proud Beauty* (Miriam Hopkins). *Hearts and Flowers* (Sylvia Sydney and George Raft). *Fast and Furious Lover* (Lee Tracy). *Clothes that Act!* Especially posed fashions by Kay Francis and Bette Davis. *Swanson is Still a "Best Dressed Woman"* (Gloria Swanson). *The Gown that made Hollywood Gasp!* (Lilian Harvey). *Movie Man-Eater!* (Edward G. Robinson). *Sophisticate!* (Wynne Gibson). *Strictly Formal* (Warner Baxter). *Dainty Ingenue* (Helen Twelvetrees). *The Most Beautiful Still of the Month*.

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THEN *M'sieur* LE BABY ARRIVED!



Once upon a time there was a gay young man who loved to play about Paris. One day just about playtime, he found the cutest little baby... so cute that he forgot about playing and took the little baby right straight home... for the baby looked exactly like him... But the gay young man was not supposed to have a little baby at home, for he was about to be married. So he got the baby a pretty nurse... and what do you think happened?



Maurice CHEVALIER *in* "A BEDTIME STORY"

with
HELEN TWELVETREES
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
ADRIENNE AMES and M'SIEUR LE BABY

A Paramount Picture directed by Norman Taurog

A sparkling new romance with naughty songs!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORP., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

The Public Be Heard

Mount the cinema
soap-box!

MICKEY TOO MODEST? (First Prize Letter)

Those Mickey Mouse cartoons are getting so good that I think the attendance at local theatres would be increased considerably if theatre owners would adopt a different slant in advertising the little animal. For instance, I'd put out a sign in big, bold letters, "MICKEY MOUSE," and below it in smaller type, "Also Clark Gable and Jean Harlow"!

Oscar LeNormand,
2104½ Maury St.,
Houston, Tex.

IT'S UNANIMOUS! (Second Prize Letter)

Have you seen him in "The Animal Kingdom," or "Smilin' Through," or "Five and Ten," or "Reserved for Ladies"; and—

Have you thrilled to his finesse, charm, sophistication and virility; and—

Have you watched your favorite feminine star cry for him and sneer at less romantic men; and—

Have you been caught in the web of his fascination long enough to admire him for the man he must be and the actor he is; and—

Have you imagined him with Helen Hayes as the most potent team in filmdom; and—

Have you asked the above questions of more people than you can readily think of?

Then you are indeed a Leslie Howard fan, even as

Adine Travis,
627 So. Carson,
Tulsa, Okla.



"Have you thrilled to his finesse, charm, sophistication?" queries a rapturous Leslie Howard admirer. Yes, indeed! And now you'll thrill more than ever to his romantic playing opposite the radiant Mary Pickford in her new costume romance, "Secrets."

AND NOW THAT'S SETTLED! (Third Prize Letter)

Still the plaintive cry is heard, "What's wrong with the movies?" Permit me to settle the question for all time by rising to answer, "Just nothing!" Their ailments are, for the most part, the fevered imaginings of fault-finders. Like the robust old woman who was "always on the verge of collapse," the movies will live to a ripe old age.

Pictures differ, and so do actors—they differ as much as do Will and Buddy Rogers. You and I differ. Life and the movies would be a drab affair if this were not so. Personally, I like my Boris Karloff straight, and then I take Will Rogers for a chaser. Cagney, Barrymore, Crawford, Merkel—they're all good actors, yet so different in appeal. I Bow to the whole Raft of them!

The next time you see a talkie just remember that it was not produced for you alone, but for me, too.

LeRoy E. Clark,
128 No. 31 St., Apt. 17,
Omaha, Neb.

CHOICE "BITS" (Fourth Prize Letter)

When the orchids are being passed around, why don't they bestow a few upon the "bit" players, those valiant troupers that never fail to give good performances, no matter how tiny their parts may be.

Time and again I've watched these actors in their "brief moments." I never remember their names—I don't think they're even given on the programs—yet I always recog-

nize them. Just a line or two, perhaps, is all their parts consist of; but they usually register. And though most of them will never reach the starry heights, they are just as important as the stars; for without them a picture would be like a beautiful stone without a setting.

So I hope that the "bit playing" army will read this, and know that someone appreciates them!

C. L. Merisch,
1708 Filbert St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

A "NEW DEAL" FOR GARBO-ITES?

According to Miss Delight Evans, the public is in danger of becoming Garbo-sated. Isn't that because, in every talkie she has made, she has played the same part—that of a downfallen, disheartened woman redeemed by a great love, a modern Lady of the Cameliass? For the first few sequences of one film only has Garbo been allowed to shed her cloak of weary sophistication, and I claim that she has never been more appealing than as the awkward adolescent, *Susan Lennox*.

Garbo is not by nature or upbringing an exotic. Her special beauty needs simple clothes and coiffure. She should move against a background of mountains and wind, not in drawing-rooms. Let her be natural when she comes back: let her be young again!

P. S.,
Amateur Dramatic Club,
Cambridge University, England.
(Continued on page 96)

Here's a pressing movie problem of the moment, neatly posed by a correspondent. Read, and see how you feel about it:—

"Just how much do we need to know about the private lives of our movie favorites?" writes Henry Picola, 966 E. 25th St., Paterson, N. J. "When you know all there is to be known about your pet stars, doesn't it shatter your perfect mental image of them? Or is this compensated for by a feeling of greater intimacy with them? What's the answer?"

Well, what is the answer? Let's hear both sides of the question; and if there's a third side, let's hear that, too! The best answers conforming to the usual requirements of letters to this department will be eligible for prizes.

And now let's look at this month's mail bag. Controversial letters bring an unusual degree of zest and excitement to our monthly picture pow-wow. Our correspondents know what they think—and they can't seem to

agree on anything! And the result is a grand and glorious free-for-all.

One writer puts in an eloquent defense of the movies in general. Another criticizes the trend toward "standardization" of the stars. A third calls for more Garbo pictures. And then, of course, there are the "ravers"—each clamoring to place his chosen star on the Olympian heights.

What's your favorite film fancy? If you have an answer to the problem outlined above on the private doings of film stars, (and who hasn't?), by all means write us about it! Or, if you would like to unload your ideas on some other movie topic, or to rave, roar or rant about your favorite performer, here's your chance. All letters will be equally eligible for those attractive prizes—\$20, \$10, \$5, and \$5 respectively for the four best letters. Keep your communications within 150 words, and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address the "Public Be Heard" Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City. You may fire when ready!

JOAN: "I love my role in 'TODAY WE LIVE'. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

LEO: "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'."

JOAN: "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper."



The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

With Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.

ASK ME!

Step right up and
have your questions
answered here

By
Miss Vee Dee

Mrs. H. V. S. Of course you are not silly to be so fond of Joan Blondell—she would love it, so write and tell her so. She can be found at Warner Bros.-First National Studios. Joan was born on August 30, 1909, in New York City. Her mother and father, a sister and a brother are all of the stage, where Joan had worked since infancy until pictures claimed her. Her new picture is "Blondie Johnson," with Chester Morris.

Kendall A. Sorry I cannot give you the salary details of the stars. Why worry about a star's weekly wage—let them do it! Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, and Ruth Chatterton are in the big money, but think of the income tax we don't have to worry about! Bette Davis has appeared in "The Man Who Played God," with George Arliss, "The Dark Horse" with Warren William, "The Rich Are Always With Us" with Ruth Chatterton, "Cabin in the Cotton" with Richard Barthelmess, and "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" with Spencer Tracy. Bette was born April 5, 1908, in Lowell, Mass. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Watch for her in "Ex-Lady" with Gene Raymond.

Madeline A. Here is a severe test of my detective ability but if I'm wrong, better luck next time. I think you have Charles Sellon on your mind as *Pop Jackson* in "The Tip Off" with Eddie Quillan. Other characters in the picture were *Nick Vatel*, played by Ralf Harolde; Mike Dolin was *Swanky*, and Ernie Adams was *Slug*. The Johnny Mack Brown fans were happy to see their favorite in "70,000 Witnesses" with Phillips Holmes, Charlie Ruggles, Big Boy Williams, Paul Page, and Dorothy Jordan.

Inquisitive. You have been searching in the wide open spaces for Matty Kemp and failed to find him. If you saw "Down to Earth" with Will Rogers and Dorothy Jordan, you saw your favorite. Matty was born in New York City on Sept. 10, 1909. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 162 pounds. Matty has a splendid voice and should be heard and seen oftener. You'll see Barry Norton in "Luxury Liner" with George Brent and Alice White. Barry was born June 16, 1905, in Buenos Aires, Argentina.



Joan Blondell hasn't gone "high-hat" on us, nor is she going in for masculine attire—she just borrowed husband George Barnes' hat for a laugh.

Madge Evans was born August 1, 1907; Peggy Shannon, January 10, 1909. Phillips Holmes, July 22, 1909, and Phil is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Eric Linden was born Sept. 15, 1909. Rochelle Hudson was born in Claremore, Okla., 17 years ago. She has dark brown hair and eyes and is 5 feet 3 inches tall.

Elinor G. The *Skippy* you hear over the radio has nothing whatever to do with Jackie Cooper. Jackie is too busy to do a national broadcast just now. Tommy Conlon has appeared in two very popular pictures, "Young America" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and also in "Sign of the Cross." Tommy was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 21, 1917. He is 5 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has auburn-brown hair and blue eyes.

Wondering Audrey. Madge Evans is a natural blonde with blue eyes, golden hair, and is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. She is 23 years old. Her new picture is "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," with Al Jolson. Bette Davis is 24 years old.

A Boyer Fan. After Charles Boyer's appearance in "The Man From Yesterday," with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook, the mail bags are bulging with letters asking about the Frenchman. Charles is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 154 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. He has an M-G-M contract that calls for other pictures. Boyer has gone back to France where he will probably make more films.

Yankee Maid. I'll tell Andy Devine all the sweet nothings you say about him. He appeared with Richard Arlen, John Darrow, Gloria Stuart, June Clyde and a host of famous football players in "The All American." He'll appear next in a picture called "The Big Cage," unless the title is changed. Johnny Weissmuller, the *Tarzan* of "Tarzan the Ape Man," was born in Chicago, Ill., about 28 years ago. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. He married Bobbe Arnst, a former musical comedy star, but they are divorced. Johnny received his education in the Chicago public schools and the University of Chicago.

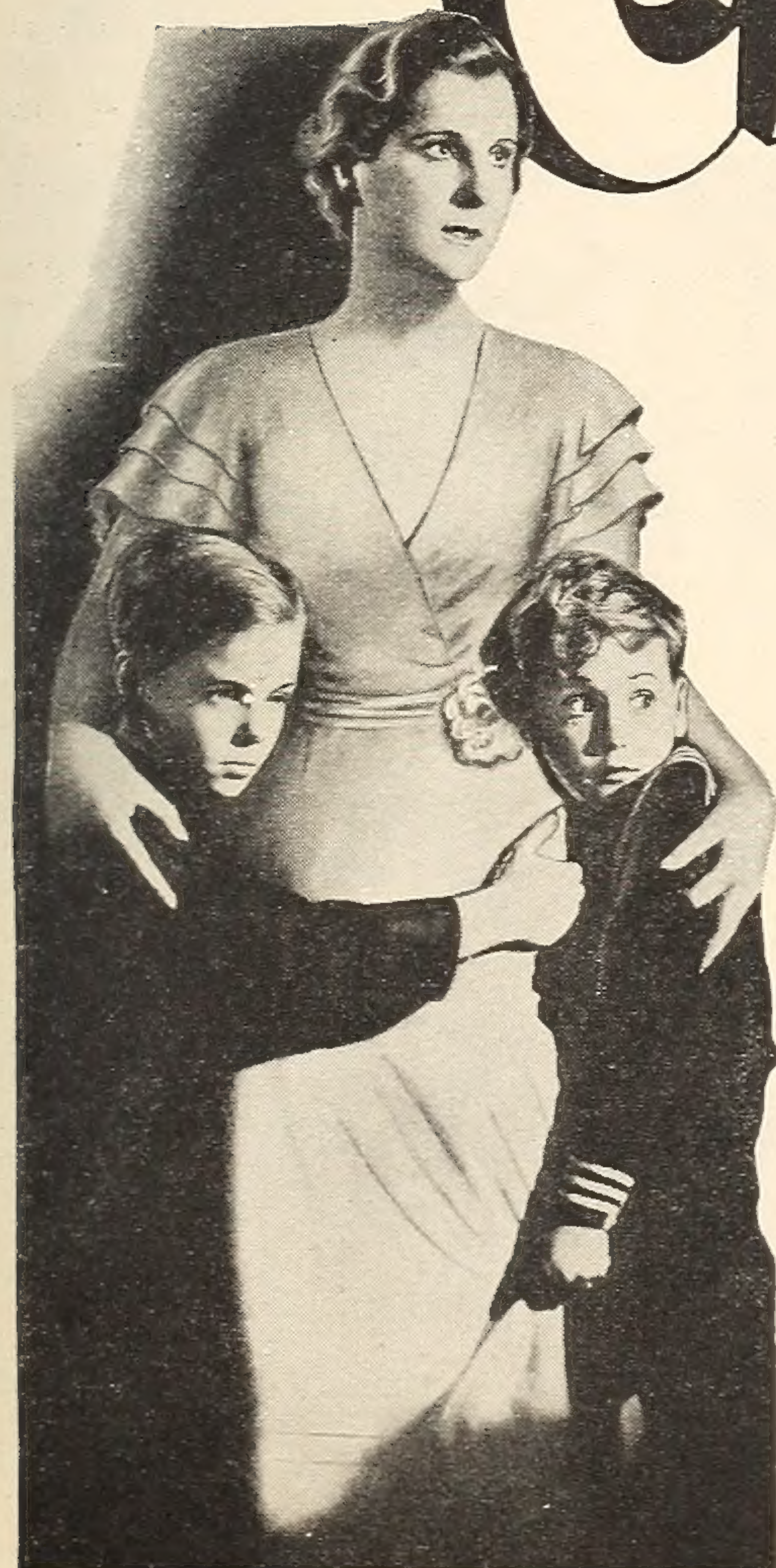
Rosalee B. To go back to 1924 in moving picture history is going places and remembering things. I'm sorry I haven't any recent information about Pierre Gendron who played with May McAvoy in "Three Women," released in that year. Lew Ayres gave one of his best performances in "State Fair," Janet Gaynor providing the love appeal. Eric Linden and Joan Blondell co-star in "Big City Blues," a recent Warner release. Eric is one of the outstanding youths developed by the stage in the past ten years. His picture debut was made in "Are These Our Children?"

Katherine B. Edna May Oliver appeared in "Hold 'Em Jail" with Wheeler and Woolsey. Others in the cast were Roscoe Ates, Edgar Kennedy, Betty Grable and Warren Hymer. Miss Oliver's latest release is "The Great Jasper," with Richard Dix. The picture you refer to with Helen

(Continued on page 94)

A HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY

A love that suffered and rose triumphant above the crushing events of this modern age . . . Strong in tenderness . . . inspiring in loyalty . . . it will remain in your heart forever!



Now YOU can see the Picture the whole world acclaims as the Greatest Ever!

LOUELLA PARSONS: Greater even than "Birth of a Nation." Drama beautifully real and splendidly told. Truly magnificent.

PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger: If your budget calls for but one film a year I recommend "Cavalcade."

ST. LOUIS Post Dispatch: The cinema triumph of modern talkies . . . a tremendous and magnificent picture. By all means see it.

ATLANTA Constitution: It stands

supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

NEW YORK Herald Tribune: The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

BOSTON Herald: It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

CHICAGO Tribune: "Cavalcade" IS, unquestionably, one of the screen wonders of the age—it has everything.

FOX

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.



Freulich, Universal

We Can Pick Them!

Remember we told you to watch Onslow Stevens? Now look at him—Marion Davies' leading man in "Peg O' My Heart"

YOU saw Onslow Stevens in "Once in a Lifetime" and doubtless remember the favorable impression he made in that Universal classic. We told you he was one of the best bets among the younger actors. Marion Davies thought so, too, because after she saw Onslow's work she signed him to play with her in "Peg O' My Heart." Carl Laemmle, Jr., who also "discovered" Lew Ayres, can point with pride to Stevens, for whom he has great plans on the old home lot at Universal City when Onslow has finished his "borrowed" assignment opposite Marion at M-G-M. And those of you who have rooted for Stevens since his "Once in a Lifetime" screen début know that he can make a small rôle stand out, such as his characterization of the scientist in "Nagana," with Tala Birell and Melvyn Douglas. His restraint and naturalness will send him a long way along the road to film fame. And is Marion smart to borrow him!



WE DON'T DARE TELL YOU HOW DARING IT IS!



Never before has the screen had the courage to present a story so frank—so outspoken—yet so true! Get set for a surprise sensation!

Introducing...

filmdom's newest favorite in the stardom she earned in "Cabin in the Cotton" and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

BETTE DAVIS in
"EX-LADY"

With Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi . . . Directed by Robert Florey . . . One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from
WARNER BROS.



Hallelujah, I'm A Bum
United Artists

Al Jolson's melodious warbling, Madge Evans' surpassing loveliness, and Rodgers' and Hart's clever ditties make this sentimental little fable worth the price of several admissions. Al plays a philosophic hobo who forsakes his "ideals" and goes to work for Madge's sake, but loses her in the end. Very affecting, and all! Harry Langdon is amusing in a secondary rôle.

Tagging the Talkies

Brief ratings of current screenplays. Make this your cinema guide

Delight Evans' Reviews on
Page 56.

More reviews on Page 97.



Men Must Fight
M-G-M

An advance peep at 1940, with an anti-war theme. Diana Wynyard was a nurse in the World War. Hence, when war comes again in 1940, she refuses to allow her son, Phillips Holmes, to enlist—despite the protests of her militaristic husband, Lewis Stone. You'll be interested in this novel idea—also, the very unusual costumes by Adrian. Nice performance by Wynyard.



Grand Slam
Warners

You don't have to be a bridge addict to enjoy this hilarious satire on the contract mania. The prima-donna "expert," the pompous championship tournament, the bridge-crazy public, all are amusingly burlesqued. Paul Lukas is adept at his comedy rôle, and Loretta Young is nicely decorative as his wife. Now how about a jig-saw puzzle epic? Go ahead, Warners!



She Done Him Wrong
Paramount

NOT the family picture of the month! It's rough and rowdy stuff, with Mae West at her best, if you feel that way about Mae. She plays *Lady Lou*, a descendant of *Diamond Lil*, with the maximum of gusto, and the minimum of good taste. A good cast, including Gilbert Roland, Cary Grant, and Noah Beery. It's only fair to say that Mae packed 'em in on Broadway.



Perfect Understanding
United Artists

Hail! Gloria's back again! And with her new husband, Michael Farmer, in his movie début, at that! You'll like "Mike." The film is a domestic mix up, with Gloria doing a grand acting job. But the photography and sound don't do her justice. Gay, colorful scenes taken on the French Riviera brighten the proceedings. Genevieve Tobin, Laurence Olivier, John Halliday in support.



Mystery of the Wax Museum
Warners

Boys and girls, meet *Dr. Igor*. He's just a nice old grandpa whose favorite whimsy is to kidnap people and boil them in wax. Lionel Atwill, as the gruesomely disfigured Doctor, scales new heights of sheer horror. Much too strong for the kiddies. Fay Wray is the be-menaced heroine, Allen Vincent and Glenda Farrell her rescuers. Quick, Smythe, the smelling-salts! In technicolor.



What! No Beer?
M-G-M

Rough and rowdy comedy! Schnozzola Durante and Frozen-Face Keaton buy a brewery and make real beer! And is Jimmy fermentin'! There's no rhyme or reason to the story, but who cares, it's a howling success, thanks to Jimmy and Buster. The boys' beer-brewing efforts result in plenty of laugh situations. Phyllis Barry and Buster take care of the love interest.



They Just Had to Get Married
Universal

The spirit is willing, but the gags are weak with age. Zasu Pitts as a maid, and Slim Summerville as her butler boy-friend, inherit their employer's fortune, marry, and try to crash lofty society. The results are funny, but not nearly so funny as they should be. Zasu is laughably tremulous as ever, and Slim tries hard. Roland Young scores in a small part.

The KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR



with
NANCY CARROLL · FRANK MORGAN · PAUL LUKAS · GLORIA STUART

Presented by
CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

While she was primping before the mirror, her adoring husband kissed her. *It angered her.* The primping was not for him. He realized it instantly, followed her—found her in her lover's arms and killed her.

His intimate friend, who defended him in court, found a similar situation in his own home, and promised himself that he would follow his friend's example. Did he or did he not? What happened? This picture will stir you to the core. It is *modern* romance and tragedy combined, *beautifully* acted by players of more than the average moving-picture talent.

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

SCREENLAND

Honor Page

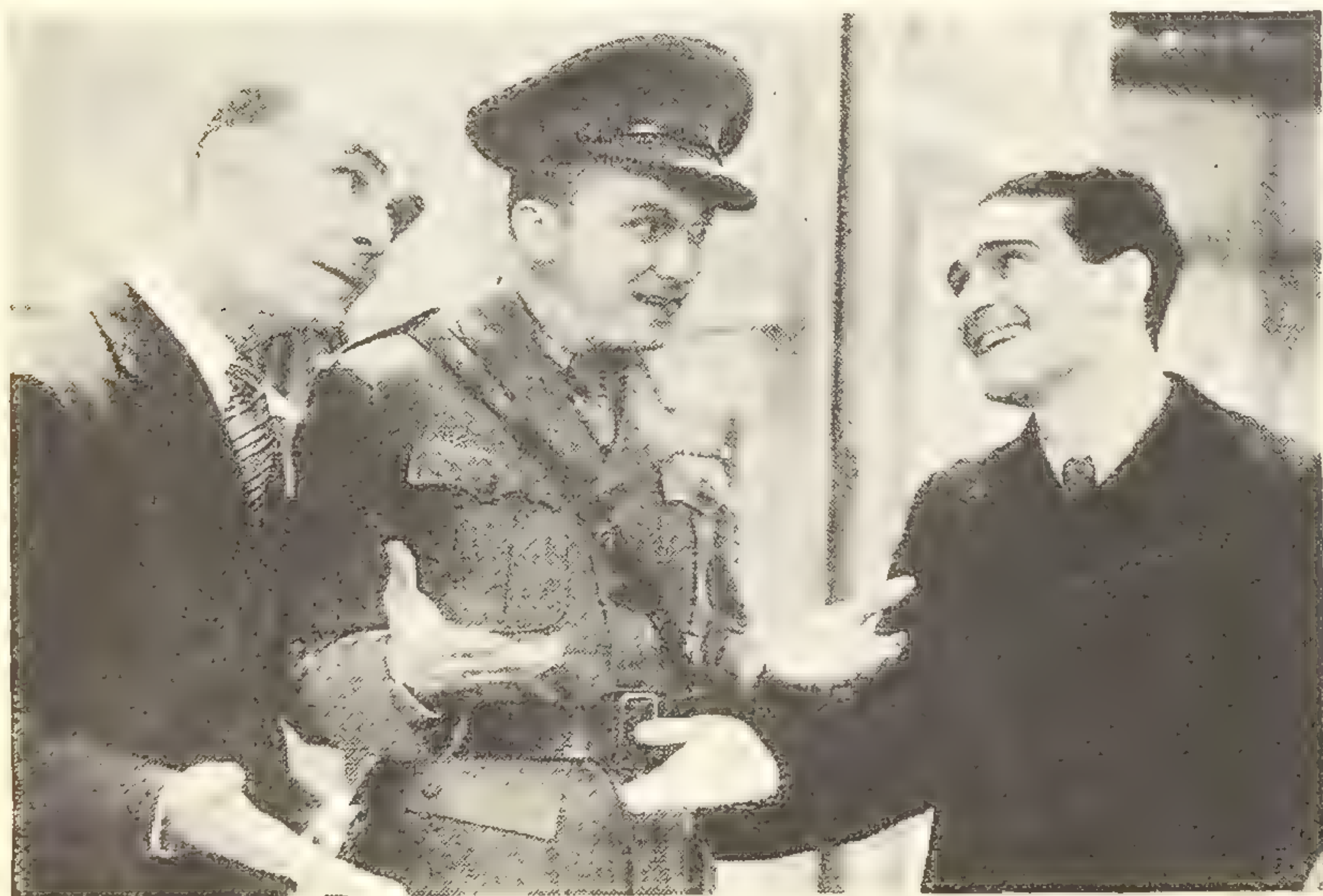


Lee Tracy, you great big "Blessed Event" in the motion picture business, you force us to "Clear All Wires" and hail you as the most refreshing personality on current screens

LEE TRACY is the actor most in demand in Hollywood right now—and if you are still wondering why, you'll understand when you see him in "Clear All Wires." You will realize that no other actor—no, not Cagney or Gable or Spencer Tracy—could play the part of the ace newspaper correspondent as Tracy plays it. His is an electric personality—he may tire you out watching him, but he'll never, never bore you. "Clear All Wires" is his best picture to date. Every film company is competing for his expensive services. And the funny part of it is, Lee Tracy was in pictures before, several years ago, but went back to Broadway because he just didn't seem to fit into the screen scene. Then another company signed him and gave him the right rôles. And now look! That's Hollywood!

Lee Tracy with Una Merkel in a scene from the latest Tracy hit. Una is at her sparkling best as a guileless little gold-digger who turns up in Moscow to see our hero at the most inopportune moment.

Tracy, SCREENLAND Salutes You!



Left, just one of the hilarious scenes from "Clear All Wires," with James Gleason and Ari Kutai racing Tracy for laughs.



Now..... is the ideal time to **REDUCE**

*The Ventilated Perfolastic Girdle Is Guaranteed
To Reduce Your Hips At Least 3 Inches In 10 Days*

"I HAVE reduced my hips nine inches" writes Miss Healy . . .
"I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" writes Miss Brian . . . "Mas-
sages like magic" . . . writes Miss Carroll . . . "The fat seems to have
melted away" . . . writes Mrs. McSorley . . . and so many of our customers
are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this PERFORATED
RUBBER REDUCING GIRDLE that we want you to try it for 10 days at
our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

• This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you,
for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or
drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works
constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . Its massage-like action gently
but persistently eliminates fat with every move you make.

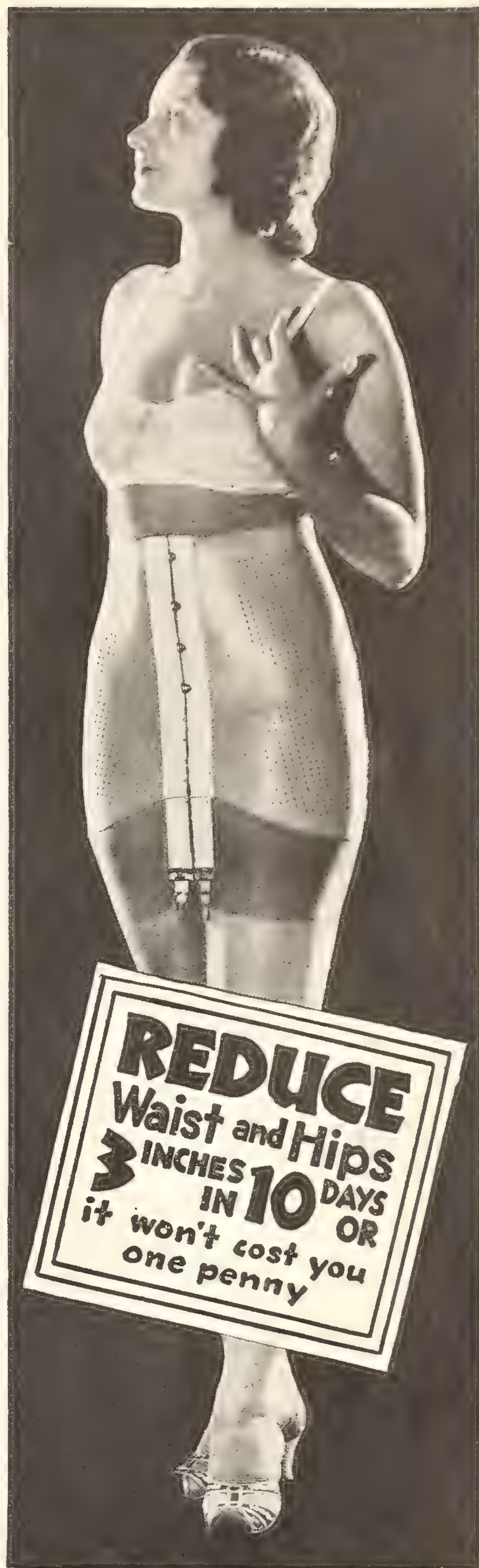
Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

• The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, it will
not chafe, itch or irritate you, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth
protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So
porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your
body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today.

• You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or
not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one
penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely
astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately
refunded . . . including the postage.

Send coupon for FREE BOOKLET and sample
of the VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER.



SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

"I REDUCED 20 POUNDS"

After convalescing from severe
illness this Spring, I found I was
putting on considerable weight;
20 pounds above normal. My
physician advised against any re-
ducing diet or strenuous exercise
—so I used your girdle instead.
You might be interested to know
that—I reduced almost twenty
pounds.

MRS. JOHN W. NOBLE
Rye, New York

"I REDUCED 9 INCHES"

I am so enthusiastic about the
wonderful results of my Perfo-
lastic girdle—it seems almost im-
possible that since last May, when
I first started wearing the corset,
my hips have been reduced nine
inches. I think this is perfectly
marvelous—at least twenty of
my friends are now wearing the
Perfolastic girdle. This reduc-
tion was made without the slight-
est diet.

MISS JEAN HEALY
299 Park Ave., New York City

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

Dept. 735, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part please send me FREE BOOKLET
describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle,
also sample of Perfolastic and particulars of your 10-day FREE
Trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____

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Are Men's glances Keen... Women's Friendly ...Do they Admire your Skin?



Face to face with one friend, or surrounded by people—wherever you are, someone's eyes are searching you—scrutinizing your skin. For you, like every other woman, are in a Beauty Contest every day—ever the object of critical eyes that find you beautiful or consider you plain.



• *Exquisite cleanliness is Beauty's first law. With a soft cloth, apply a rich lather of Camay and warm water to your skin. Rinse well with cold water.*



• *Camay is pure—made of delicate oils. Its luxuriant lather is as gentle and refreshing in your bath as on your face and hands! Try it today!*

Copyright, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

You may live grandly in a mansion, or modestly in a cottage. Yet you cannot escape the Beauty Contest of life... the rivalry of woman against woman. Wealth and social position cannot help you. But a fresh, radiant skin is a glorious weapon.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To have a skin that is soft and velvety, use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is creamy-white—pure—delicate

as dew upon your cheek. The quick, luxuriant lather it yields, in hard water, as in soft, cleanses the pores deeply and gently and brings out the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

The cost of keeping your skin lovely is amazingly low! Never in your lifetime have you known a soap so fine, so delicately perfumed, so beautifully wrapped to cost so little! Get a supply of Camay today.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Mary Pickford

from

Delight Swann

DEAR MARY:
What's your secret?

I'm not just punning the title of your new picture. I really want to know.

There's no explaining you. Garbo a Mystery Woman? Why, Garbo is just Anita Louise in comparison. You, Mary Pickford, are the real sphinx of the cinema. And I'd like to know the answer.

You know I hadn't seen you for a while, and in the meantime I'd met Garbo and Dietrich and Bennett; cheered Crawford and watched a whole new school of ingénues swim in. Mary Pickford? Oh—ah, yes; I'd heard the name. But—really, she makes so few films these days; and after all, we don't have a "queen of the movies" any more; too, too old-fashioned. And what do you think of Katharine Hepburn?

I know better now. I went up to see you, Mary, while you were in Manhattan on your way to join Douglas in Europe—went up for just a nice, quiet talk for auld lang syne, etc. And I had the surprise of my life. The queen is dead, eh? Long live the queen, eh? Will some bright little boy or girl please give me a new expression meaning "Oh, yeah?"

For you were holding court, Mary; your hotel apartment was just a big throne room, and your subjects the "names" of New York society and finance, with Lady Astor's sister, and a great stage star, and a countess or two for color. I thought Connie Bennett lived a crowded life; that Claudette Colbert had the busiest telephone; that Lilian Harvey was in demand—but these girls are practically in retirement compared to you, Mary.

Just a sample of an average, quiet Pickford afternoon:

"Will you okay this sketch for the billboard, Miss Pickford?" asked representative Mark Larkin.

"My name is too big," you said.

"Now, boss," said Mark, "we want your name big. We're selling Mary Pickford."

"You're selling Mary Pickford in 'Secrets' with Leslie Howard," you said firmly. "Make my name smaller than the title. But leave Frances Marion's name as large as you can get it."

You grinned at me, that same impish Irish grin. "Here I am transacting business in this!" and you gestured with tiny hands at your dress, a filmy white evening gown that a desperate fitter was following



Mary said "I call this my 'Kiki' hat—but maybe I shouldn't remind you!"

you around trying to put together in time for dinner that evening. "But it will look nice, especially with my new rubies." And you scooped them up—both hands filled with red and white glitter. "They're an investment!"

"Are they real?" asked the great stage star, Laurette Taylor, also impish and Irish. "Try them on."

So you put on the earrings and the choker and the ring and the bracelet, and looked like a pleased child dressing up. "A present from me to me," you said.

"Mary!" cried Lady Astor's sister. "That other bracelet rolled on the floor." So

down you went on hands and knees and picked up the diamond and ruby bracelet—and a penny. Pennies and rubies—that's Pickford.

"Will you be at the Countess' villa in Rome?" "Are you going on to China with Douglas?" "Why aren't you staying until your picture opens?"

"I think so—positively no, but I may weaken—yes, I'd like to stay for the opening but I'd rather meet Douglas. I must reduce a bit on the boat, but how can I, it's an Italian boat with grand spaghetti—yes, I liked doing 'Secrets' and I think it's a good picture but it's funny, I didn't want to do it at first—Frank Borzage asked me if I wanted some Menthol for the crying scenes—I was so insulted! I've never used anything yet to make me cry in a scene, the hard part is to stop crying."

By this time the fitter had given up hope. You were running from room to room, talking to Kathleen Norris and Lillian Gish, signing checks, dashing off telegrams. And looking like Mary Pickford has always looked, very tiny and determined, reminding herself, she says, of her scatter-brained Irish terrier.

Nothing has changed, really. Pickford is still Queen Mary. "There's no use trying to put on an act, is there?" you said. "Not for me, anyway. You know before I left Hollywood I had to make a very serious speech for the Motion Picture Relief Fund. I wore my most dignified dress, and when they made me get out in the middle of a big ballroom to talk, I felt pretty important. And the newsreel cameramen were there, and I thought my speech wasn't so bad, really. All in all, I came home feeling I had made a rather good impression. And then I happened to glance down at my feet. They looked funny. I had each shoe on the wrong foot!"

GARBO!

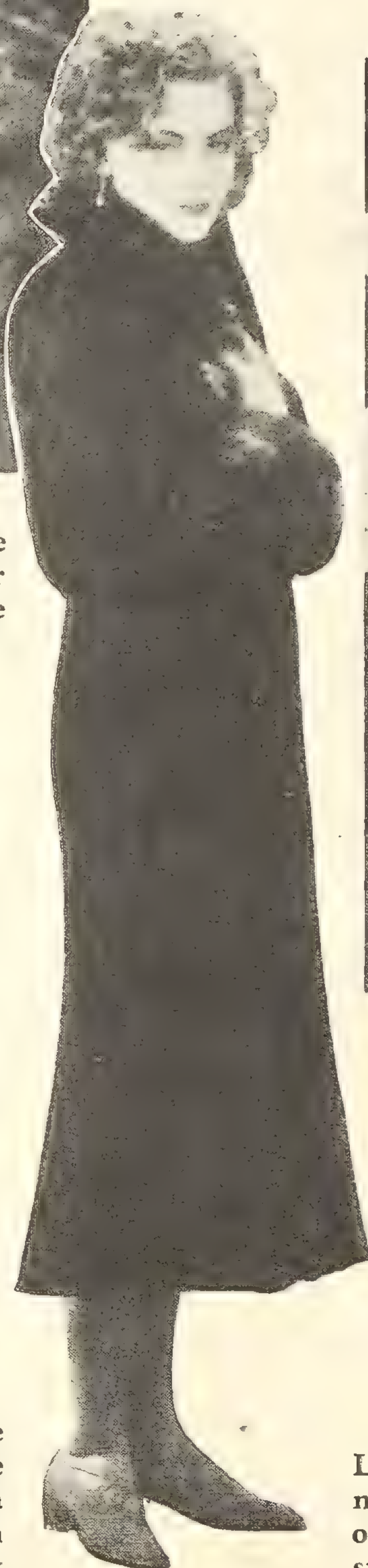
Rare photographs from Greta's family album taken in Sweden before she became a great Hollywood star. So you can't wait to see Garbo again? How about it, Greta—when will we be seeing you?



Before the Garbo bob vogue—note how she wore her hair in long loose curls. This is her last portrait taken in Sweden—then she came to Hollywood and Success!



This informal photograph was taken while Garbo was making a name for herself on the Swedish screen. The youngster with her is a Garbo fan. Those were the good old days when Greta posed with her public, and apparently liked it!



Above, the Gorgeous Garbo as she looked in her pre-Hollywood days—the same heavy-lidded eyes, fascinating mouth, and general aloof expression—but still somewhat naïve, with those curls and all! This scene shows Greta with another actress in one of her early Swedish rôles.

Left, here's Greta when she was a model in the cloak and suit department of Paul U. Bergstrom's department store in Stockholm, Sweden, before she became an actress.

She was Greta Gustafsson!

Photographs of Garbo from Globe Photos



Greta with her first automobile—she was then dividing her time between the Swedish stage and screen, with no thought of Hollywood film fame. And how do you like her short black coat with its astrakhan trim? Get right in that car and drive back to America, Garbo!

Now See Next Page!



Isn't she lovely here? But this is more proof that she acquired that siren, mysterious something in Hollywood. Garbo, here, looks like just another beautiful blonde. This photograph was taken at the time that she was winning success in Swedish motion pictures under the direction of Mauritz Stiller, and shortly before the M-G-M scouts saw and signed her.

Garbo B. A.—That is, before Adrian! We hope Adrian, the designer, who creates all of Greta's American screen costumes, doesn't see this picture because we don't think he'll approve of her plaid suit. This photograph was taken during a visit to Serbia, long ago.

She's making a picture in Sweden. No, she isn't—she's back in Hollywood, working in a new film with Gary Cooper as her leading man. Is that so—she is still undecided, and may not make another picture for a good, long time. What? Why, we're just collecting the latest Garbo-rumors for you. Don't blame us if none of them comes true. Or all of them at once! That's all we know right now.



And here's
The Garbo
 that
Hollywood Knows!

Where, here? No, no—this is a little camera study of Greta Gustafsson at the hair-ribbon age, when she was a school-girl. Compare her with the Katharine-Cornellish close-up, above, the Garbo as she looks today, created by Hollywood, applauded by the world. And then wonder what she will be doing next!



The Great Jungle Gang War

"Lion Man" versus "Ape Man"—
whose zoo in the movies?

By
Mortimer Franklin

To beast or not to beast—that is the movie question of the moment. First it was the "Ape Man," then the "Panther Woman"—and now the "Lion Man" has made his movie bow. With all these half-humans, semi-simians and quasi-cats running around the jungle, trouble is bound to start sooner or later. And here's a slightly cock-eyed account of what may happen!

SCENE I.

(Scene: A heavily wooded part of the African jungle, or the South American thicket—or maybe it's the Australian bush. All jungles look alike to the movies.)

The Lion Man, newest of the jungle gang rulers, is conducting a council of war with a group of hard-boiled lions. He has adopted modern methods in his racket, and carries a shiny .45-calibre automatic protruding from his leopard-skin chemise, instead of the crude carving-knife which old-fashioned jungle heroes used to produce miraculously out of the thin air. The lions, like good gangsters, wear guns strapped to their sides, within easy reach of their paws.)

Lion Man: Well, boys, we're doin' fine. Since we crashed into that Ape Man's territory we've been gettin' most of the movie offers.

First Lion (preening his whiskers): You howled it, Chief! Looks like an animal year in the movies—even more animal than usual.

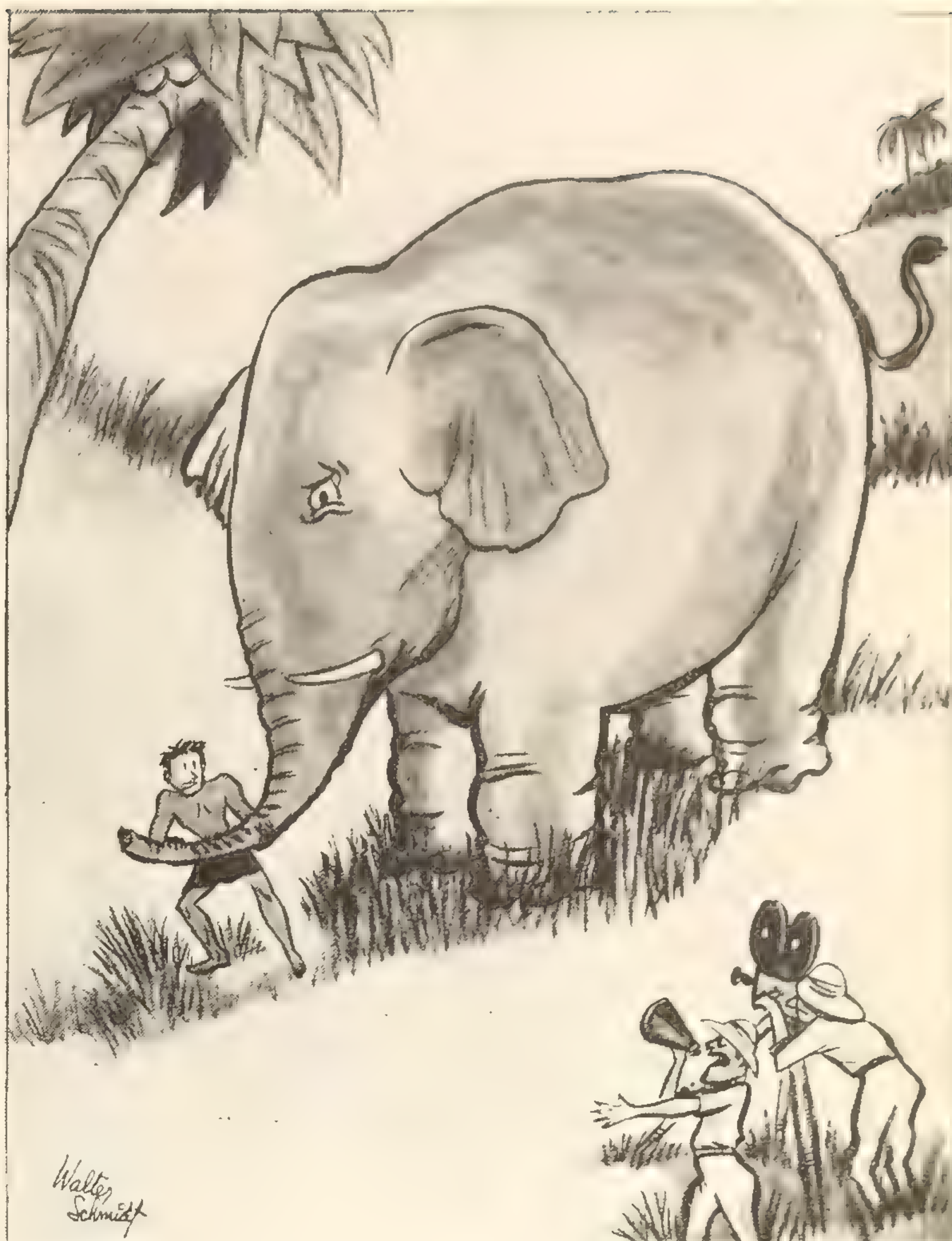
Second Lion: We'll show them directors what it really means to be inhuman!

Lion Man: Heh, heh—an' is that ape crowd burnin' up! Ever since we busted into this district the Ape Man an' his mob ain't slept nights. Here come the apes now—keep your gats handy, boys!

(The Ape Man comes swinging down from aloft on one of those convenient trapeze ropes which Nature thoughtfully places in jungle trees for this purpose. He alights at the Lion Man's feet, followed by the Zebra Man, the Panther Woman, and the Ant-Eater Man, alias Jimmy Durante. A bodyguard of apes brings up the rear.)

Lion Man: Well, well, the Ape Man himself is a-monk those present!

Ape Man (looking tough): Yeah, we thought we'd drop in an' talk business with youse brutes, see?



"No matter where I go I find you in front of a movie camera, ready to fling an elephant over your shoulder or somethin'."

Lions (reaching for their guns): When you call us that—

Lion Man: None of that, you muggs. Who are all these folks with you, Ape?

Ape Man: This is my moll, the Panther Woman—she's Apie's Irish Rose. This bird here is a fugitive from a chain gang and couldn't get rid of his stripes, so he joined my mob as the Zebra Man. And here's Jimmy the Ant-Eater Man; we call him Beer Bill for short.

Lion Man: Why?

Jimmy: I'm fermentin', that's why!

Lion Man: Well, Ape, tell us what's on your mind.

Ape Man: Just this, big boy—

Lion Man: Big lion, you dope!

Ape Man: Things ain't what they used to be around these parts since you come musclin' in, see? So I'm jest tellin' you an' your mob to quit runnin' beer—I mean quit signin' movie contracts—in my territory! No matter where I go lately I find you in front of a movie camera, gettin' ready to fling an elephant over your shoulder or somethin'. Now I'm warnin' ya—get out, or else!

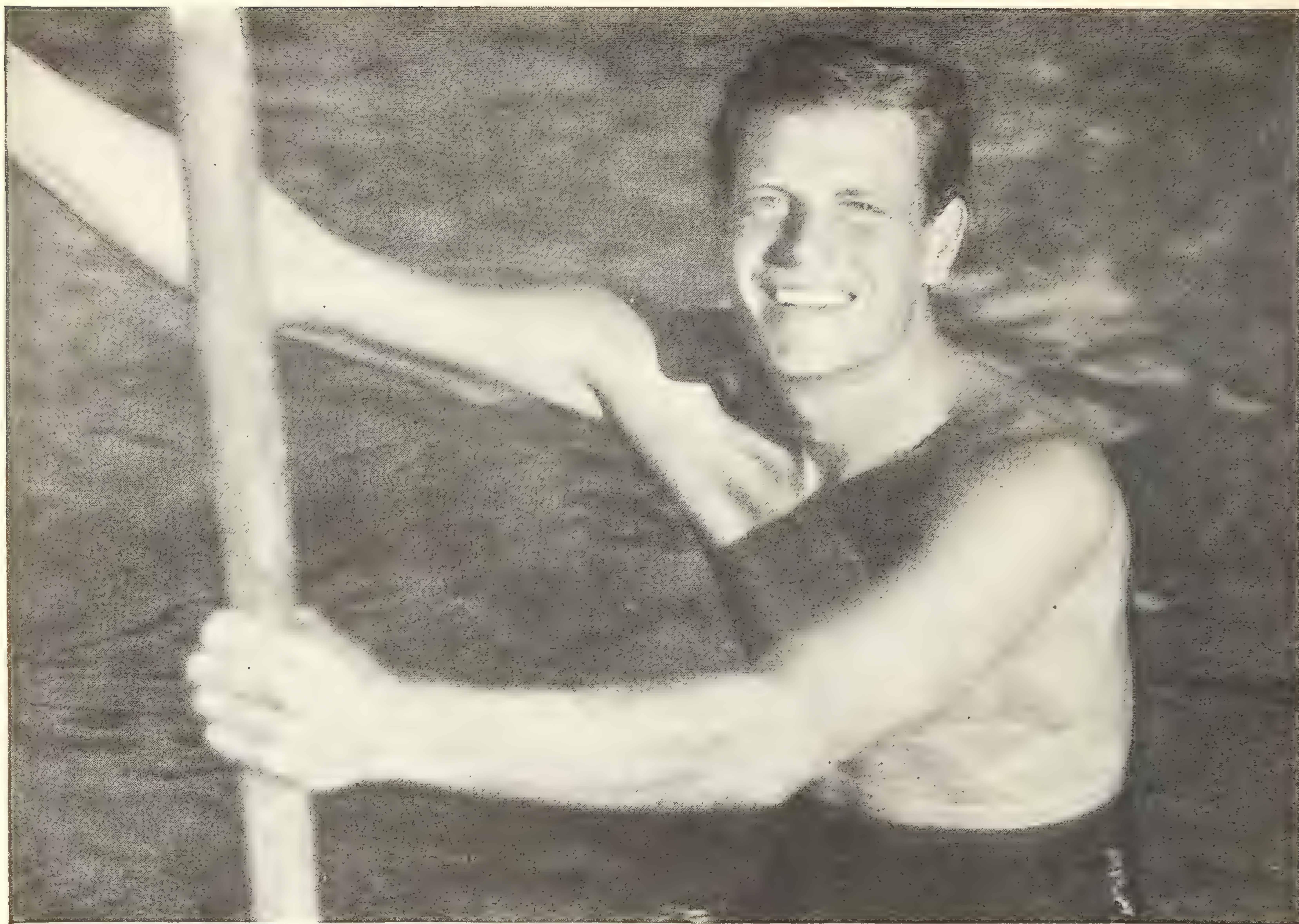
Lion Man: So I'm supposed to be scared of you, hey—you an' your mob of gorillas! Well, get this, you big ape—I'll sign movie contracts just as long as my Public demands it. And now go climb a tree!

Ape Man: That's jest what we're gonna do—but remember you was warned!

(He and his party swarm up into the trees. The Ape Man looks back and gives his ape yell; the Lion Man retaliates with his lion roar, and the Panther Woman joins in with a cat's meow. Then the apes disappear amid the foliage.)

SCENE II.

(That evening. The Lion Man is entertaining at dinner in his cave, which is (Continued on page 86))



Exploding the Joel McCrea Myth

IN THE dark archives of Hollywood's social files, one finds—"McCrea, Joel—nice boy, heart-breaker." Blithely combining the two hopelessly antonymous terms, Hollywood has him docketed thus. Proceeding from these labels, many a magazine thesis has been written on Joel. Sometimes it is one way, sometimes another, sometimes both together in an ambitious attempt to make credible such an unlikely character as a clean-cut, wholesome home-breaker!

It is flying in the face of tradition, therefore, that I decline to select either the Jekyll or Hyde of Joel for comment. Because neither is there. He is not a simple, homespun boy. He is not a heart-breaker. He is, it is true, a forthright and honest young man with good manners. He is also an ardent admirer of charming, gay women. But, knowing him, these attributes are not predominant enough to classify him.

By some fluke, perhaps because of preconceived ideas in interviewers' minds, Joel has usually sounded "sweet" in print. Such a nice boy that the stomach was slightly turned.

"Sweet!" he raged noisily to me a few hours ago. "What's wrong with these people? They don't know McCrea. Why, I'd steal the milk out of their babies'

bottles!" Speaking slowly and punctuating his words with an angry fist on the arm of the chair, he added, "*I—am—not—nice!*"

He is, of course. But not nauseously. The average, human number of pleasant faults makes him palatable.

"I can see," he says, "where it all started. It's easy to trace back.

"It started as far back as my first part in pictures. I had done some extra work here and there, when a friend of mine took me over to Colleen Moore's set one day and asked her if there was a chance I might get a couple of days' work in her picture, which was just beginning then. Colleen had been having trouble finding the right type for her leading man. She looked at me and said, 'Just for fun let's give you a test and see if you couldn't do the lead.' It was one of those incredible miracles—I just happened to be the type and I got the part.

"Colleen was charming to me. She knew I was nervous as the devil and desperately anxious to learn something. And out of her kindly—and purely impersonal, God knows—helpfulness to me a big myth grew. You know the kind—star crazy about her leading man, producer-husband in a fury, leading man's career to be wrecked, etc. Since there was no vestige of anything

"Nice Boy"? No! "Heart-breaker"? Wrong again! McCrea tells you the real truth in this revealing story

By
Margaret Reid

but a very pleasant acquaintance to base it on, the myth evaporated. But Hollywood won't relinquish its labels that easily—fact or no fact, I was pigeon-holed as some kind of heart-breaker. Me!"

Rumor has, at varying times, linked his name optimistically with Marion Davies, Evelyn Brent, Frances Marion, Constance Bennett, Dorothy Mackaill, and others.

"The joke, by the way, is on the gossips," says McCrea. "The only woman I've ever in my life been really serious about is a star with whom my name was never connected. It was the one time there might have been something to gabble about, but they never knew it. Which is one thing to be thankful for, I suppose."

The other assumed romances were widely discussed, reported, speculated upon. Joel—young and certainly bewildered—was nevertheless a pretty level-headed young man already.

The legend of Joel the Irresistible, once it started, gathered terrific momentum. Young, handsome, well-bred and untouched by dissipation, he was swept into the swirling current of Hollywood social life. In all the places where stars are seen would be seen Joel Mc-



"I did have a crush on Connie Bennett," the truthful Joel admits. Here are the two in a tender scene from "Rockabye."

Joel, the he-man at home! (Bet he posed for this picture under protest!)



Crea, in the company of now one glamorous star, now another. Romance statisticians of the press were devoted to him for the frequency with which they could report "Joel McCrea and Miss Blank are 'that way' this week."

Had Joel been "that way" as many times as reported, loud cries would have been heard issuing from Casanova's grave.

"Of course, they had to give it up finally. The most zealous Pinkertons never saw me coming out of some lady's house at dawn. It was all a snare and a delusion. They were disappointed, I suppose. And to justify themselves they said these aren't really affairs after all. It's just that he's such a thoroughly nice boy the women like to go about with him."

"And that's where the two tags came from. As simple as that!"

Both are equally distasteful to him. As is any public babbling about the personal elements which should be personal business. Because of the particularly arresting celebrity of the stars with whom his name was linked, he could not possibly have avoided the publicity, even had he been a schooled diplomat. And because of the unpleasant sensation of having had a spotlight at his (Continued on page 92)



Joan Crawford Confesses!

Keystone

You have read about Joan the dazzling star, Joan the inspiring woman, and Joan the ever-ambitious emotional actress—but here, at the right, is a new Joan: the devoted sister. Her brother, Hal LeSueur, is an extra, and Joan is helping him on his way. Will Hal achieve the Hollywood heights that his brilliant sister has scaled? What do you think is the answer?





Joan
Tells
some of her
Secrets:

"I owe my success and wealth to shame!

"When I was a child I was ashamed because other little girls had dolls my own parents could not afford to give me. So I ran errands and minded neighbors' babies until I earned enough money to buy my own doll!

"When I was a bit player and passed stars on the street, I was ashamed that I was not a success.

"That's why I'm a star—I was ashamed not to be!"

JOAN CRAWFORD said to me, "I owe my success and wealth to *shame!*

"I mean that I am ashamed of my deficiencies," she confessed. "Since early childhood, I've been ashamed of my faults or lack of accomplishments. When other children did things I could not duplicate, I worked and studied until I could do as much. Some hidden internal element of my soul will not permit me to be satisfied with my lot. I constantly discover new things which I do not understand, and I am never happy until they are clear to me. That is why I am a star; *I was ashamed not to be!*"

"But I have always regarded ambition as the guiding motive to success, Joan," I said.

"Ambition is a word that is broadly mis-used," she answered. "We have a way of saying, 'He will succeed, for he is ambitious,' but if we really stop to diagnose, we would learn that the term is ambiguous; it is a word with many meanings—a word that mothers a number of words, as a hen mothers her chicks.

"I, for example, wish to be learned and respected. People say I am ambitious, when I am really ashamed of my shortcomings. Therefore, shame is the basis for my success. The next man may achieve wealth because he fears poverty, and struggles to rise from it. Still another may succeed because he is avaricious. Another may have innate yearnings to travel, and he may realize that money is necessary to the complete satisfaction of his desire. Each of these humans would struggle hard for success, but each would be motivated by an individual motive.

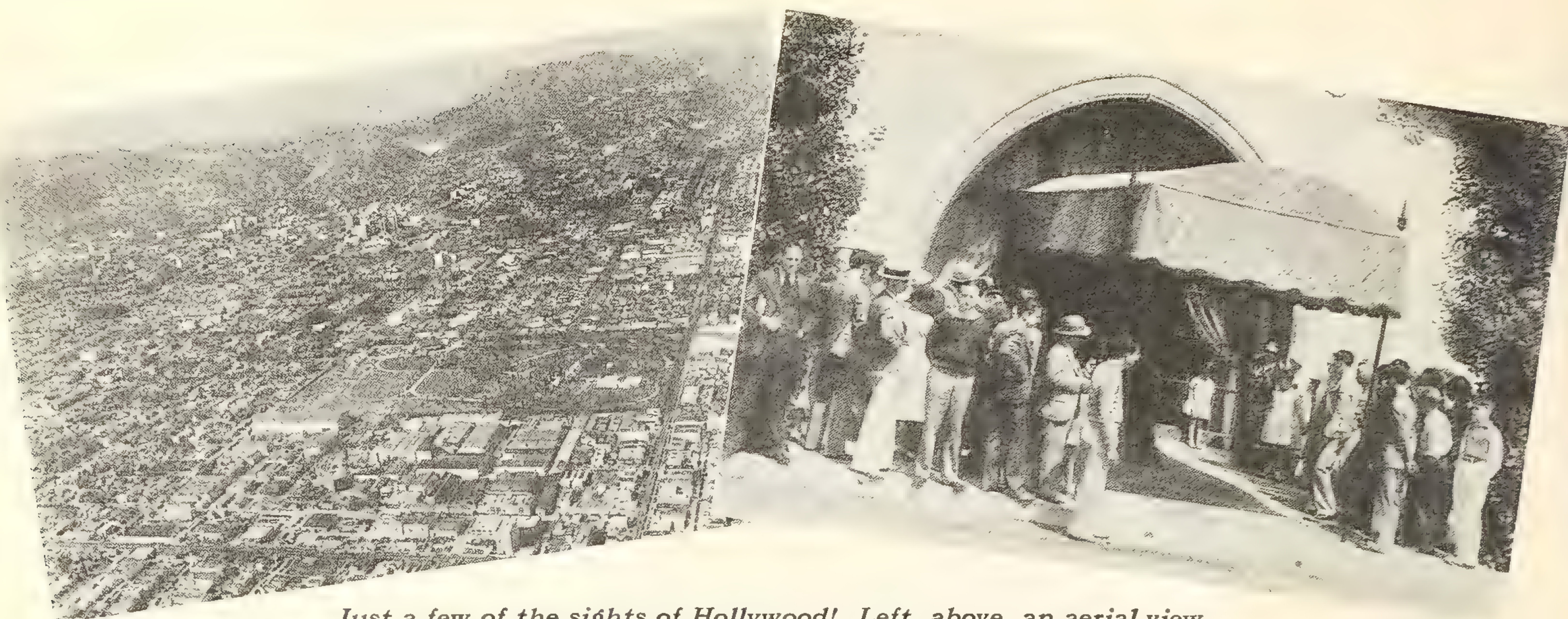
"Shame has guided my efforts as long as I can remember. When I was a child, other little girls had dolls and toys my own parents could not afford to give me. So I worked at odd jobs, such as running errands, minding neighbors' babies and so on—until I accumulated the money to purchase a doll as beautiful as any I have ever seen. Then I was not ashamed.

"A few years later I went to school. Because my parents could not afford the tuition, I had to work to pay a part of my expenses. I (Continued on page 90)

By
James M. Fidler



Here is a Crawford who can say, "Today I have arrived at some of the goals I have set for myself. But now I find new aims, other things to reach for."



Just a few of the sights of Hollywood! Left, above, an aerial view. Right, fans waiting outside a popular restaurant for a glimpse of the stars "in the flesh."

Visit a Star

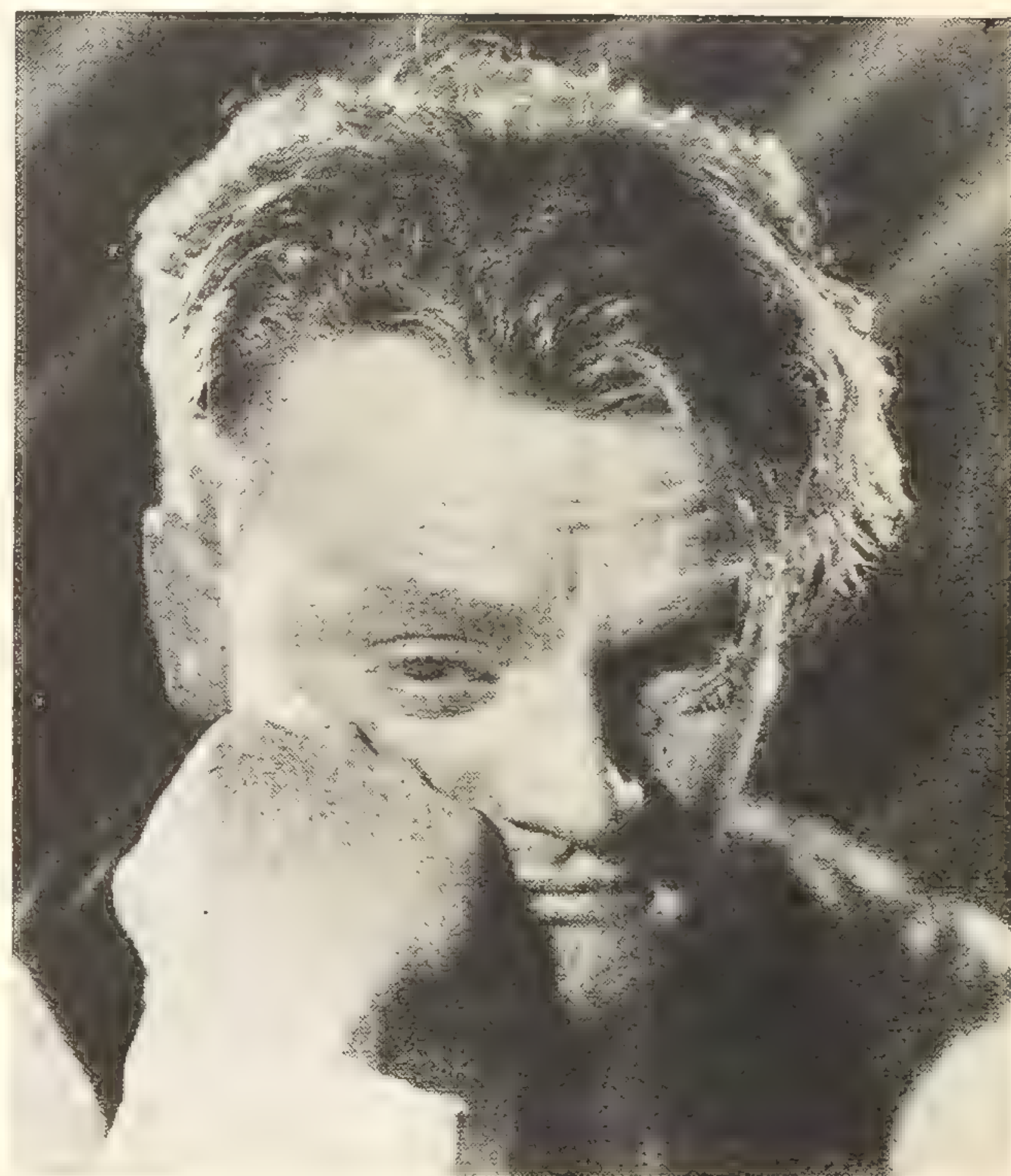
Jimmy Cagney wants to meet one of his public! SCREENLAND joins him in offering a reader a visit to Hollywood with all expenses paid!

JIMMY CAGNEY wants to meet you! Or maybe it's *you*! SCREENLAND offers a free trip to Hollywood, most glamorous and exciting of all the world's paradises. Visit the studios, stroll down Hollywood Boulevard, sniff that fragrant California air and bask in that celebrated sunshine; meet and know Jimmy Cagney, the Warner Bros. star—in fact, enjoy just about the grandest vacation you could plan for yourself!

Here's our contest offer: Write a letter to Cagney Contest Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine—not more than 200 words, please—telling him whether you prefer him on the screen as a "Public Enemy" or as a lovable human being. In other words, do you want your Cagney tough or tender? Jimmy really wants your opinion. He will select the letter he considers most interestingly and concisely written, whether by a man or a woman, and he will invite the writer of that letter, through SCREENLAND Magazine, to come to Hollywood for a week's visit. The winner will be sent to Hollywood and return with all expenses paid, entertainment provided, and every opportunity for a glorious vacation in the thrilling town where movies are made.

The two close-ups of Cagney to the right illustrate just the question that the star wants you to answer for him. Do you relish such rôles as "The Public Enemy," or do you prefer your Cagney lovable and humorous?

Below, Jimmy in a scene with Alice White from his latest release, "Picture Snatcher." Wouldn't you like to have Jimmy give you this?





More Hollywood excitement! Left, above, a gay gang at the smart Mayfair. Right, one of those Hollywood movie premieres you have all read about—crowds, lights, stars!

in Hollywood!



I like Jimmy Cagney and would enjoy meeting him. Accordingly I am entering your SCREENLAND contest. Please find my name and address below: My letter is enclosed.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

How would you like to go on a tour of the Warner film studio conducted by Cagney? Jimmy shows the damage done a sound booth in one of his shooting scenes.

RULES

For The SCREENLAND Contest:

1. Fill out the coupon above.
2. Write a letter to James Cagney telling him in not more than 200 words what type of rôle you want him to play—would you rather see him go back to the grim realism of "The Public Enemy," or do you prefer him in more appealing rôles such as he played in "Hard To Handle"?
3. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND Magazine or their families.
4. This contest will close at midnight on the 24th of April, 1933.
5. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
6. Enclose coupon with your letter and mail to Cagney Contest Editor, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.



The Latest *about* Queen Jeanette!

Here's news from Paris about
La MacDonald

By
Marcel Durand



Yes, Jeanette is drinking tea, while Herbert Marshall, across the page, who plays opposite her in her new picture, filmed abroad, toasts her in a more potent beverage.



Keystone

Jeanette MacDonald in her dressing room at a Paris theatre. She's a great favorite on ze continent. Read all about her plans in the story on this page.

HAVING heard that Jeanette MacDonald is in Paris, I advance upon the Rex Theatre where she is appearing, and ambush myself in her dressing room to await her return from the stage with as much patience as I am able to muster. Her act is still in progress, and there is time to look about the room, its mirrored walls fringed with congratulatory cables. Let us steal a glance at these. There are the signatures of Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, Vilma Banky, Emil Jannings, Harold Lloyd. Another, "May Paris Love You as I Love Paris"—Claudette Colbert. And there is one from Tom Mix and Tony, and here one says: "France Gave Me a Big Foot But I Know it Will Give You a Big Hand"—Texas Guinan! Ah, you Americans!

Gilda Gray wishes that "all those fifty million Frenchmen who can't be wrong" may (Continued on page 82)



Wide World

A cross-section of a party given for Jeanette MacDonald in France. (Yes, that's fiancé Robert Ritchie smiling right into the camera.) The guests are distinguished Europeans gathered to honor the American actress. As gay and festive as a scene from a Chevalier-MacDonald motion picture, isn't it?



What a grand screen team—Miss MacDonald and Mr. Marshall! Their co-starring picture is tentatively titled "The Queen" and is being filmed in England as you read this.

More about Herbert Marshall!

And here's a close-up of her
new leading man

By
Laura Benham

HERBERT MARSHALL is a refreshing refutation of the facts generally true of members of the acting craft. Especially leading men of the "matinée idol" type.

From my first moment of meeting him until we parted, he turned topsy-turvy all my pre-conceived ideas.

To begin with, he isn't "handsome."

Which was a disappointment lasting for fully five minutes—or until he began really to talk to me.

My first glimpse of Herbert Marshall was two years ago when he appeared in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" on the stage in New York. It was a story of renunciation and I left the theatre furious with the woman who had been willing to allow a little thing like marriage to another man to come between her and Marshall.

Every woman I know who saw the play confessed to the same reaction.

This, of course, might have been attributed merely to his personal charm.

However, one evening not long ago, I was in Ruben's (New York's famous after-theatre rendezvous) with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni and Eugenie (stage "Grand Hotel") Leontovich and heard that distinguished little trio heap an accolade of praise upon the unknowing head of Mr. Marshall—for his histrionic ability. A real tribute, that, to a finished performer.

More recently, in fact on the day of my scheduled interview with him, I set about collecting random impressions of the suave and ingratiating Englishman.

While in a beauty shop, I drew my manicurist into conversation. "I'm on my way over to meet Herbert Marshall," I told her casually. Her eyes brightened. "Oh, gee, you'd better let me put an extra coat of polish on your nails for that," she (Continued on page 83)



Herbert Marshall talks frankly to our fearless reporter. You'll be interested in this interview, obtained during Marshall's flying business trip to New York. He returned to England for the MacDonald picture.



"It's alive, fellers!"



"Oh, hum!"

A "terrible tough guy."



"Me, too!"

A Tail of Two Scotties

"YOU know, I like being interviewed," said Jock the Scottie, taking a nibble at the eraser on my pencil. "It gives a fellow a chance to spread himself a bit—to enlarge on his philosophy of life. I'd recommend it to all Scottish terriers. See your interviewer at least twice a year, that's my motto."

I was bound to agree with him. For every Scottie, of course, has a well-thought-out philosophy of life; it's written all over their grave, deeply contemplative, almost professorial countenances.

"That goes for me, too," chimed in Jock's sister Jill, who was sitting on a chair at my other elbow, opposite Jock. "Be sure to say," she directed, "that I'm distinctly a mental type, and my favorite hobby is trying to solve all the big problems of the universe."

Jock and Jill Dennis, in case you haven't met them, are the young gentleman and young lady Scotties whose foster-parent—they call him "The Boss"—is Morgan Dennis, famous etcher of dog subjects. And if you ask me by what right they were being interviewed for SCREENLAND, I'll tell you it was by the best right in the world: they were preparing to make their début in the movies.

"The Boss has been etching dogs for years, of course," Jock explained, leaning forward to place his elbows on the table in confidential, free-and-easy manner. "And those dogs certainly come to life, too. But you can't hear them, can you? And what, I ask you, is a dog that



No help wanted.



"Yes, sir, that's my baby!"



Etchings of dogs
by Morgan Dennis



Morgan Dennis' pal, "Jock," fell for a movie contract—and "Jill" came tumbling after!

By
Mortimer Franklin

you can't hear?"

"Dogs *should* be heard as well as seen," I admitted.

"You're durn barkin' they should," put in Jill. "And that's why the Boss decided to make these talking pictures of us!"

It was as simple as all that.

At the other end of his studio, reclining comfortably on a sofa, Mr. Dennis puffed at a cigarette and silently watched the progress of the interview. The Scotties plainly needed no advice and no prompting, and he permitted them to conduct the proceedings in their own unabashed way.

"What sort of mark do you pups think a couple of bright, upstanding, clean-limbed young Scotties should shoot at in starting their picture careers?" I asked them.

"Shoot at?" echoed Jock. "Well, personally we don't care much for these Western pictures, and the shooting business will be out, if we have anything to say."

"But," I persisted, "isn't there some particular style of acting you favor, or some special screen character you'd like to adopt?"

"Yes, there certainly is," he agreed warmly. "Or, rather, there are certain characteristics that we're very anxious *not* to have! Those of the idle-rich type of dog, for example; the perfumed pet that has nothing to do but sit around and look pretty all day. As for me, rather than be a stuffed shirt, I'd prefer to be a stuffed dog!"

"And then there's the red- (Continued on page 93)

A quartet of Thespians: Morgan Dennis, artist-actor, with Jock, and Eva Farrell, his leading lady, with Jill. Jill is something of a leading lady herself—see how she comes to the fore in this scene!



"Here we are!"



"Ah, wonderful Nature!"



Sweet and low.

"Better-Half" Doublets!



Something new! See what Benton has deduced from the features of Connie Bennett and her husband. Watch for the next couple in this series

HANK'S:

BROWS: keenly observing
NOSES: analytical
LIPS: friendly, talkative
CHINS: athletic

CONNIE'S:

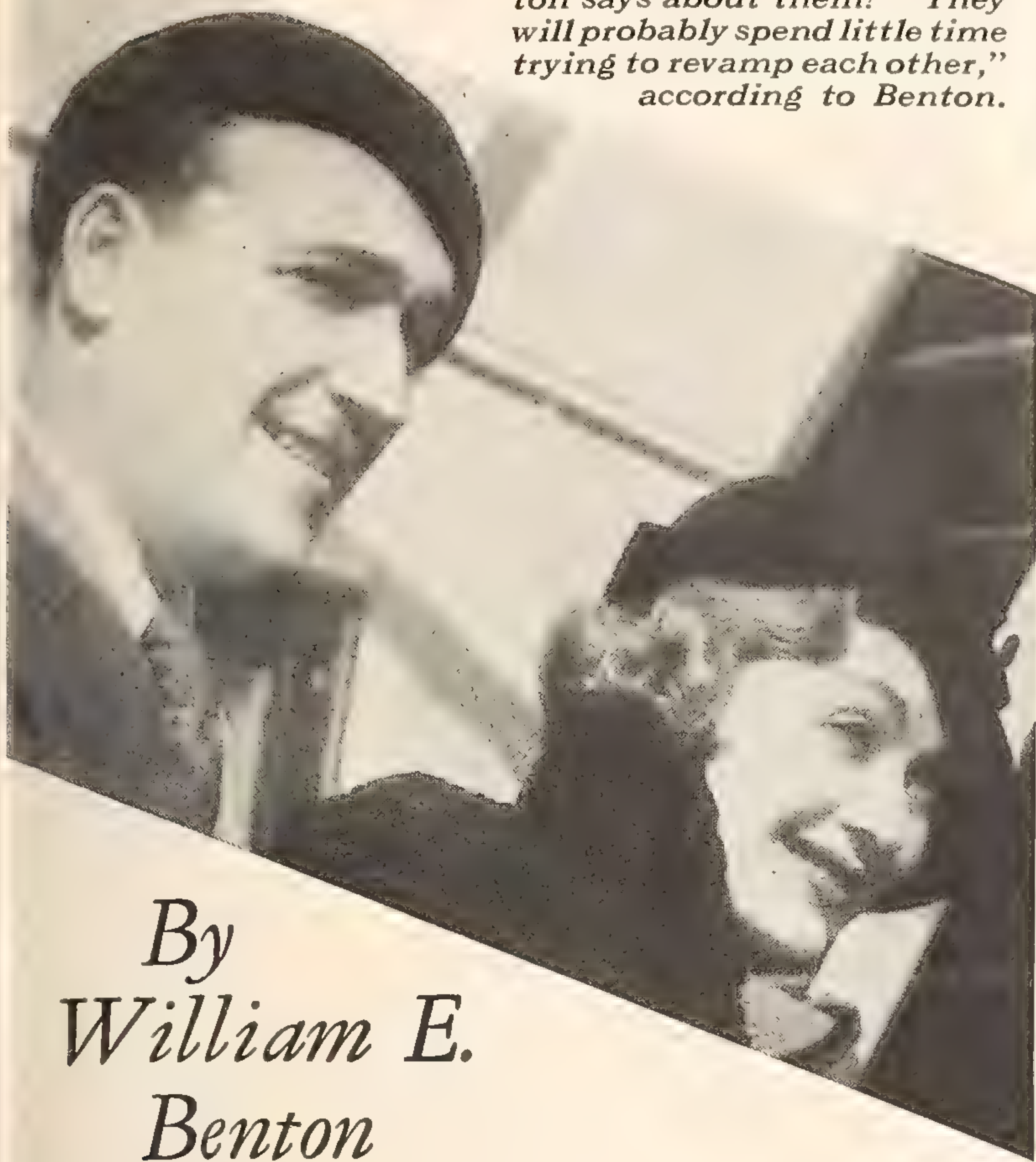
exotic, colorful
humorous, intuitive
alluring, passionate
very determined

In common: literal and figurative breadth of mind



Benton compares the faces of Miss Bennett and her Marquis. Note his observations drawn from the "doublets" shown in the circle on this page

Here they are, the Marquis, or "Hank," and the Marquise, or "Connie." Read what Benton says about them! "They will probably spend little time trying to revamp each other," according to Benton.



By
William E.
Benton

"MEET my better half" is a terse and somewhat flippant phrase that has been used by millions of men and women in introducing their wives or husbands, as the case might be, for ages. Some stone-age columnist probably carved it into a rock tablet, either because they wanted forgiveness or a favor at home or to win a smile from their readers—just as O. O. McIntyre plays up his wife occasionally in his column. At any rate, it is quite a compliment and like a lot of other thoughtless sayings, it can be productive of much thought in those who contemplate taking on a better half or holding the one they have. Certainly, in times like these, it would be wonderful to have our wavering personalities made whole, kept strong and successful by a real better half!

Ever since the greatest of biological urges has kept us interested in the human race we've hoped that luck or propinquity would see that we fell in love with the mate that could run in step and help us win this race in double harness. The best music, poetry, stories, and plays are centered around this new, yet age-old, theme. Will he or she win a real mate or better half?

Moving pictures with their so carefully chosen heroes and heroines prove that casting directors have as varying ideas about the proper Jack for each Jill as any other story-teller. Some strive to bring out the fact that opposites attract or fall for each other; others seem to be convinced that similar types understand each other better.

But let us look, not into the studios but into the hearts and homes of those who have most often enacted the rôles of lover and loved one. We have many stars we can study and compare in this unique way, putting the half of a famous wife's face beside that of her husband and so see which is the better half, if any.

This, of course, is based on the same theory of all casting—that people are as different as they look and that they are as different mentally as they are physically. The best proof of this is in the uncanny similarity in talents and abilities of twins the world over. Therefore, if a



"Alluring," says Benton of Connie. This scene from Miss Bennett's latest film, "Our Betters," with Gilbert Roland, would seem to prove that our character expert is correct!

husband and wife looked *exactly* alike they would probably think about the same. This could happen about once in a million marriages, perhaps. What does happen, though, and quite often, is that those most congenially mated have heads of the same general type, with some one main feature on one of the faces small where the same feature on the other face is prominent; in this case they would, in the main, be congenial and understanding of one another and one's worst lack might be the other's talent. We'll say the husband has a large chin and the love of athletics that it denotes, while the wife has a very small chin and will be urged by friend husband to take more of a healthy interest in sports and the great outdoors. This could easily be the case with the subjects here shown.

Our "doublet" picture of Constance Bennett and her husband, Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye, is a wonderful study in comparative features, for it shows a half of each face so that the features can be compared most convincingly. His chin is deep and wide and on the whole indicative of the love of athletics such as one would expect of a virile manly man. Constance Bennett's, being not so deep from mouth to chin, is very wide and determined at the back jaw. If you were a casting director or character analyst it would be instinctive to cast the long-jawed person like the Marquis for parts in pictures or real life where physical and (Continued on page 85)

It's the Cat's!



A whiskered young actress communes on the set with Bette Davis and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., while waiting to do her big scene. Puss' ambition is to star in "The Nine Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

*By
Gwen
Davies*

Tommy and Tabby crash the movies—but oh, that artistic temperament!

HOLLYWOOD, which abounds in entertainment talent of all descriptions, doesn't confine its scope to the stage or screen. It encompasses the "bigtop" entertainers—circus and carnival talent, and that, quite naturally, includes animal trainers of all kinds. There are, in abundance, lion tamers, seal trainers, horse trainers and even dog trainers.

Recently the casting office of the Warner Brothers Studios were put on the quest of a new type trainer, one whose work never draws the attention of the public—a cat trainer! And, in keeping with the casting office "get your man" slogan, the hunt was successful.

We always think of tabby as a sleeping ball of fur curled in front of an open fireplace. Rarely is it associated in our minds as a trained animal, such as the performing dogs we often witness on the stage or in the sawdust ring at the circus. The cat is always a fixture of the home and hearth, never an entertainer.

But the casting office, when it set out to find a cat trainer, did just that! J. H. Kerr operates a small zoo which he terms "Animal-Land." In it are many animals—small ones, pumas, cheetahs, lynxes and such. His hobby, however, is that of training cats—plain, everyday garden-variety cats, such as owned by you and you and you.

When given a call to report to the studios it was in connection with a scene in a motion picture being made with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, Frank McHugh and others. The script required that a cat carry a pack-

age from which protruded a fish. The problem which confronted the cat-trainer was to get the cat actually to carry the fish without pausing to eat it. The scene was explained to Kerr and his assistant, Morrison, and both agreed it could be done.

By careful rehearsing the cat was taught that never was it to be allowed to examine the contents of the paper package it was carrying, although experiment taught the trainers that if anything but a real fish was used, the cat refused to carry it. Accordingly, tabby was informed, by repeated rehearsals, that when it had carried the package a certain distance it would be rewarded by a gift of food it could devour unmolested.

Through repetition of this procedure, tabby finally acted in accordance with the script requirements and the scene was "shot" successfully.

Kerr, the trainer, has about thirty cats ranging in age between three and six years. He has spent about twelve years at his unique vocation and declares that constantly he is learning new quirks about cat reasoning. A cat cannot, he has found, be beaten into submission or forced to perform any stunt which doesn't appeal to it. To induce a member of the feline family to do anything, it must be "kidded" into it by soothing methods.

All cats cannot be trained for trick work. There are some that easily adapt themselves to training and others that will never respond. Usually within a course of two or three months of preliminary training, it can be ascertained that a cat will or (Continued on page 95)

Our Movie Masqueraders!

C. S. Bull



Viva Clark Gable, that dashing, debonair officer and gentleman! That is, of course, when he's playing opposite Helen Hayes in "The White Sister." But now have a glimpse of the real, every-day Clark—a wholesome, earthy, pants-and-sweater sort of chap. How different, yet how completely likeable!

Those stern heroes and awesome villains, those languorous, world-weary ladies! Are they really like that, or are these exciting characters merely thrown over them like cloaks, to be removed at will? Here are some amusing and amazing answers!



Bachrach

Sorrowful Lady

(Girl with a Grin)

OH, THAT gloomy air; ah, that drooping mouth and tragic brow, heavy with all the world's woe! That, boys and girls, is Katharine Hepburn. But wait a minute—who's that giggling damsel over at the left, with mischief in her eyes and nothing on her mind? And that trousered tomboy at the right? It's "Katie" Hepburn—the real Katharine!





S. Bull

Classic Clown

(*Man About Town*)

IT'S Jimmy the Jester—the foolishly funny Durante whom the movies have embraced as their prize zany. Here he is with that slightly gay, slightly goofy glare by which you have come to know him. But do you *really* know him? Consider James Durante, Esq., after working hours, perfectly sane, normal citizen going places with his wife.





Dyar

Grimness in the Shadows

(*Carefree Cavalier*)

Wide World

WHAT strength of mouth and chin, what rugged, ruthless force we find in this portrait of the screen Gary Cooper! A figure half romantic, half sinister. And the real-life Gary? Well, just see the old rounder staying out late with two of Hollywood's lovely ladies, Mary Pickford and Countess di Frasso.





Proud Beauty

(And a Jelly Bun)

THERE'S a disdainful hauteur even in her laugh—this *Temple Drake*, saucy heroine of William Faulkner's story. That's Miriam Hopkins—so long as the cameras keep turning. But what of the off-screen Miriam? Well, we ask you: Is she or is she not getting a good, gushy giggle out of her tea-and-a-bite with director Stephen Roberts?



Ricbee

Hearts and Flowers

(A Guy and a Gal)

SYLVIA SIDNEY and George Raft have some sweetly solemn moments like this in "Pick-up." And, in case you should happen to think that this heavy love business really gets them, observe the breezy, unspiritual attitude in which they were spotted by the camera, jaunting about.





Fast and Furious Lover

(Mr. Tracy, Sir!)

THE name of Lee Tracy has become a sort of class-mark for roughness, bluffness, fast talk and faster action. Lee lives up to it with a vengeance as a raffish war correspondent in "Clear All Wires." And then, when the camera truck has been trundled off—behold Mr. Tracy, just a nice young man!

Clothes

SCREENLAND presents a new slant on screen fashions! Here we show you not only the star's dress, but how it looks in action



And here is Kay's gown in action. For kissable shoulders, this strap effect is strongly recommended! The pictures above and to the right show you Miss Francis with her leading man, George Brent, in scenes from "The Keyhole."



Here's Kay Francis posing for us in the Grecian-influence gown she wears in her latest film, "The Keyhole." Of ivory brocaded velvet, it has the flowing lines and even the corded girdle of its classic model. The shoulder treatment is particularly interesting.

Suggested for summer evenings: a frock of yellow chiffon with petalled flounce; and, if possible, a cape bordered with silver fox! Kay Francis, right, poses for you in this striking ensemble. Extreme right, the same costume in graceful action.



Photographs by Elmer Fryer, especially posed for SCREENLAND. Costumes by Orry-Kelly.

that Act!



Every smart girl wants her clothes to live up to her emotions, and now here is her chance to see just how it's done in Hollywood, home of clever clothes and cleverer women!

Bette Davis is posing at the right in the sensational evening gown she wears in her first starring picture, "Ex-Lady." It was designed to show off Bette's slim figure to best advantage. The cut-out front, the high collar, and the long sleeves are daring notes. Now see the picture above, showing Bette in action, in a scene from her picture, with Monroe Owsley.



Photographs by Elmer Fryer especially posed for SCREENLAND. Costumes by Orry-Kelly.



Left, Bette posing for a "fashion picture"—the sort of picture you may see in other magazines. But it's in SCREENLAND that you'll be able to "catch" the same clothes really in action, so that you can see what they are all about. The circle shows Bette's hat as it looks when she is emoting.

See this scene at right from "Ex-Lady," with Bette and Gene Raymond, and note how cleverly Miss Davis is costumed to set off her fragile beauty.



Swanson is Still a "Best Dressed Woman"



Gloria's white wool sports dress, which she wears in "Perfect Understanding," is surprisingly short until you recall that Paris says "shorter for sports." See the wide band of wool with a stripe in the center? The box pleats reach to eight inches from the hem line.



Gloria's sport dress in action, in scene with Laurence Olivier from her new film. Swanson's jaunty white felt hat boasts a ribbon band of black and scarlet to match the belt of her frock. "Perfect Understanding" was filmed in England and France and the star's clothes are straight from the headquarters of Chi-



Right, Gloria posing for us in a beetle-green tailored frock with cuffs of white pique. The dress is perfectly straight, with inverted pleats on either side. There is a wide black suede belt. Something new at the neck: two tiny buttonholes. On the principle of a man's shirt cuffs, through which is a silver link with initials in black enamel! Above, the frock in action.



Left, Swanson in a scene from her picture, wearing a dress from which you should make notes for your spring wardrobe. Black blister crêpe; very wide gauntlet cuffs of white crêpe; bodice cut diagonally at the back, and the cross-over secured with a square button. Similar buttons decorate the cuffs. Remember that Gloria is the tiniest star on the screen, smaller even than Mary Pickford, and has to select her clothes accordingly. Watch Swanson, you little girls!

The Gown that made Hollywood Gasp!

Lilian Harvey, the beautiful blonde from Europe, wore it at her first Hollywood party, and did the other girls groan!



Lilian Harvey's gown is by Strassner, famous continental couturier, now in Hollywood designing all Miss Harvey's costumes.

*Photographs by
Lazarnick, posed for
SCREENLAND.*



Lilian has that irresistible combination of super-sophistication and appealing naïvete, and dresses are designed to match her personality. This white crêpe gown is daringly simple and deceptively disarming. If you're a sylph like La Harvey you might try wriggling yourself into a dress like this, and be popular!

Left, the Harvey gown in action. Yes, it's absolutely backless, and Lilian wears one of her best diamond clips at the waist. (What, no diamonds? Well, rhinestones will do, then.) Right, Miss Harvey says she feels all dressed up when she adds to her gown this long string of lovely feathers. How this dress does enter a room!





Bruehl

Movie Man-Eater!

(Santa Claus in Person)

EDDIE ROBINSON, one of the screen's most convincing supermen, invariably makes you think of gang leaders, or ruthless financiers, or biters-off of puppies' tails. Tush, what an idea! Get acquainted with the real, relaxed Robinson, and beg his pardon.





Dyar

Sophisticate!

(*All in Fun*)

THEN there's Wynne Gibson, that knowing, disillusioned girl-about-town of so many amusing performances in so many entertaining pictures. But is that Wynne? Well, look at this gay young beachcomber at her favorite off-the-set pursuit, and judge for yourself!





Hurrell

Strictly Formal

(Baxter Nature!)

SO IMPECCABLE is Warner Baxter's customary screen character that we hate to disillusion you. But why not, when his actual self is even more human and agreeable? Such as, for example, in this little beach episode.



Ricbee

Dainty Ingénue

(Grown-Up Lady)

PERHAPS Helen Twelvetrees has always meant a sweetly simple little girl to you. But now meet Helen the young matron, proudly displaying her son. She plays the part of a nurse in Maurice Chevalier's next picture, "A Bedtime Story."





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Loretta Young and Gene Raymond in "Zoo in Budapest."



Above, Betty Furness was the girl of the moment when this photo was snapped!

Bruce Cabot is called upon for some graphic emoting in "King Kong," with Fay Wray.



*By
Hale
Horton*

"Cynic" In Love!

**Bruce Cabot thinks he's "hard"—
but wait till you hear!**

AFTER watching Bruce Cabot make love to seventy-three different women in seventy-three different screen tests, a producer decided he was the next great lover of the screen. So Mr. Cabot was cast as leading man to "King Kong," the gorilla!

Now all this would seem to call for Cabot being the cold, calculating, disillusioned, frost-bitten old cynic he thinks he is—if in reality he weren't the most sentimental and madly impulsive actor in pictures. But try and make him believe it!

"Never fall for a dame, pal," he once warned me while wrecking my rug with his frenzied pacing. "I can tell you it just doesn't pay. If she ever discovers it, she'll play you for a monkey and you'll be off your diet for a week."

"Be cynical, pal!" Cabot continued. "Cynical and hard-hearted. And cold-blooded. And think of yourself first, last, and always. You don't catch me being sentimental about 'em. Not the Old Master! I make it a point never to be sentimental about anything. I got no yen to get a poke in the nose! Life's like that," he said. "And the only way to beat it is first to get everything under control, then take it easy. Don't make a move until you've given it plenty of cold, calculating thought. Then when you know what you want just stick to it. Personally," he added, easily, "I've always known what I wanted. Ever since the day I was born!" Thus spake the lad who has fallen violently in love about forty times, and who has worked at an equally large

number of jobs. Just consider, (if you will, his life:

Bruce Cabot had his inception back in Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he was born with his left ear nearly twice the size of his right. In spite of publicity blurbs he is not one of the "Cabots who speak only to God," but he's a Bujac which is almost as snorty. His father was the wealthiest attorney in New Mexico. His two uncles, Andrew and Leon Graves, are New York bankers with a capital B. And yet another uncle, Herman Harjes, was a J. P. Morgan partner and later partner of Morgan-Harjes bank over in Paris, France. Briefly his family name means social and financial prominence in Europe as well as the United States.

As a tiny, toddling, spindle-bodied tot, of some fourteen years, Mr. Brucie-Woocie was entered in the New Mexico Military Institute where he remained for three weeks before being overwhelmed with a "silly romantic notion" for turning cowboy—whereupon he ran away from school, fibbed about his age, and caught himself a job on a ranch.

A month or so later, when barely fifteen, Bruce began hearing about Dempsey and as (Continued on page 80)



Paul Stone-
Raymor, Ltd.

*La Wynyard—she brings a new brand of beauty
to the screen with her exquisite performance in
"Cavalcade."*

The Goddess Diana *of England*

By James Marion

Here's the story you've been asking for—all about the new acting sensation, Diana Wynyard

HOLLYWOOD'S very newest sensation is a tall young Englishwoman stage-named Diana Wynyard, but born Dorothy Cox.

She came to these United States one year ago with the intention of conquering the American stage; she remains to triumph on the screen instead.

She is a broad A-ed woman with small eyes, blue-gray, and a careless manner of tossing expensive coats across low chairs which is most effective!

She is a woman apparently instilled with the belief that she has an ugly mouth, and she must spend hours conniving ways to improve the fault, especially when her lips are in action.

She is, of course, interesting to you because, although she has been in Hollywood only six months, she has already been featured in four important productions—"Cavalcade," "Rasputin," "Men Must Fight" and "Re-Union in Vienna." Not in years has a newcomer so suddenly and so completely dominated the country's screens.

Miss Wynyard told me her story at the M-G-M studio café, where she applied herself industriously to a small bowl of chicken broth, which alone comprised her luncheon—already she has acquired the American custom of hunger-dieting to retard fat.

She wore a semi-modest black gown and one of those absurd little hats that perch on women's heads like the caps worn by organ grinders' monkeys. Inasmuch as the fairer sex has decreed that such im-



Above, a scene from Miss Wynyard's first film, "Rasputin," with John, the Profile Prince. The girl gave a good performance even though surrounded by Barrymores!

The unforgettable Jane Marryot of "Cavalcade"—Diana Wynyard's flawless portrayal that hurled her into the first rank of screen actresses.



Here is still another facet of Wynyard's gem-like art—her characterization of the devoted wife in "Men Must Fight," with Lewis Stone.

mature hats are the style, I can find no fault other than my personal opinion that tall, angular women—such as she—should wear more hat. Not more hats; more hat.

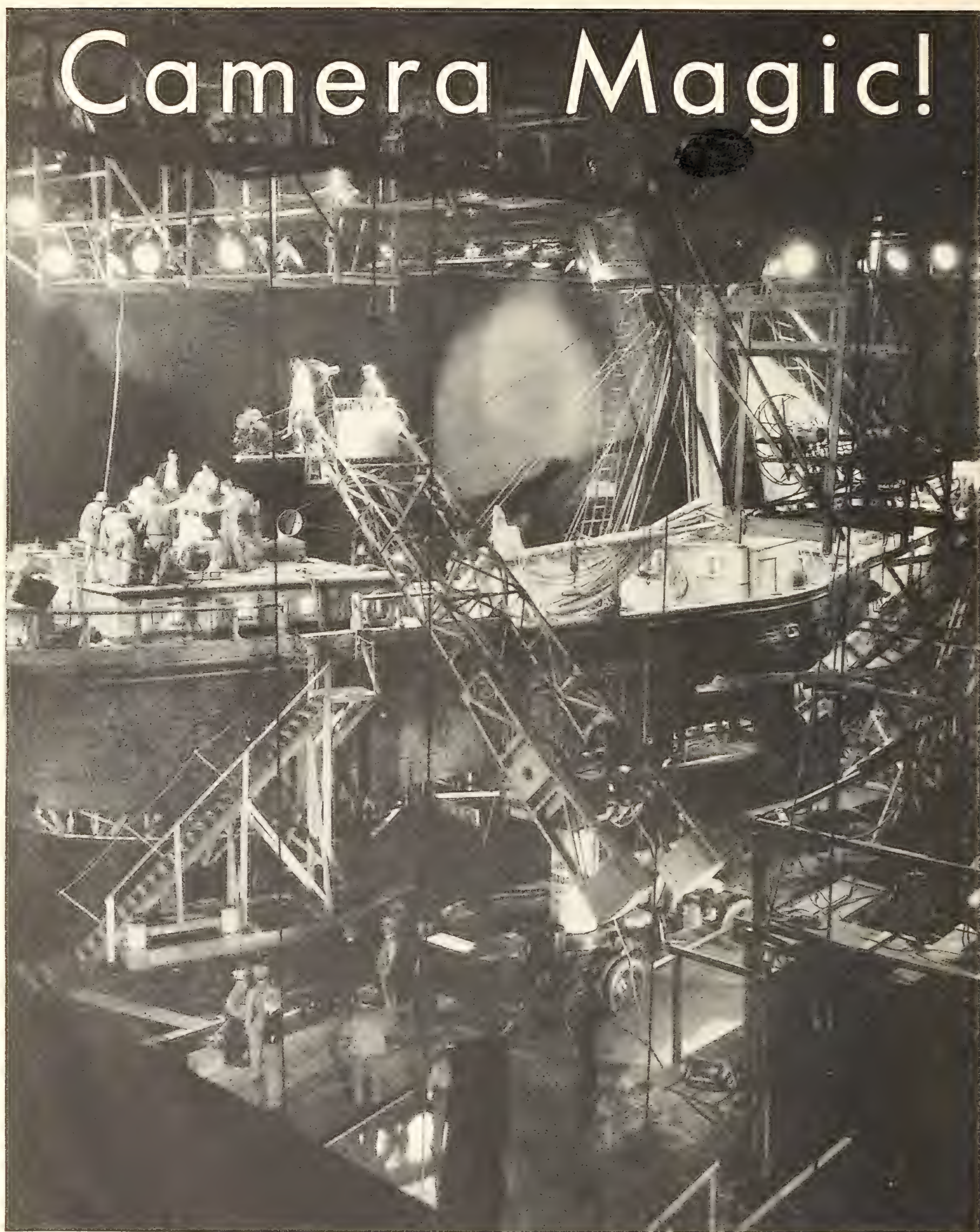
After six months in Hollywood, Miss Wynyard is still amazed that the home of motion pictures is a narrow-minded, provincial small town, rather than the broad-minded city she had been warned to expect.

She is shocked that Hollywood hosts encourage the presence of photographers and newspaper reporters at supposedly private parties, particularly since the press is apparently invited for the sole purpose of photographing and reporting the social life of guests.

"Many is the time," complains Diana of England (to distinguish her from that Greek Goddess), "many is the time I've been halted in the act of lifting a bite of food to my mouth, and warned not to move until cameras duly recorded the quantity of my bite."

"Too often I have talked away merrily and freely, only to discover a person at my elbow frenziedly taking notes on my conversation. I have become so cautious that I peer about nervously before I dare accept a second food offering. I should heartily dislike to see my photograph in a newspaper bearing the caption: *English actress doubles on potatoes!*"

Miss Wynyard was born in London, twenty-seven years ago January sixteenth (Continued on page 78)



Here is magic indeed—the kind of movie necromancy that brings a glamorous aura of illusion to films. A full-sized sailing vessel built right inside the studio—batteries of floodlights and cameras—structures, “props” and portable machinery—all devised for the purpose of making you forget reality and believe in the impossible. It’s a scene from Universal’s “Destination Unknown.”

By Ruth Tildesley

It's a wise actress that knows her own close-ups when the camera experts have worked their cinema sorcery

WHEN Barbara Stanwyck came to Columbia Studios after the dire flop of her first picture, she was preceded by tips from cameramen who had filmed that unfortunate affair.

"She's hard to light."

"You can't photograph that dame."

"Good luck—you'll need it!"

Joseph Walker, first cameraman for Columbia, and known as one of Hollywood's greatest experts in photographing women, was glad to hear it. Anything difficult meant credit for results.

"I tried all the tricks I knew. I used a lens here to soften an outline, a light so placed there that no least line was visible, I made her hair a shining glory. She was gorgeous. I was triumphant," he recalls.

"Frank Capra, the director, came to me after we had looked at the rushes of the earlier sequences. He was worried.

"Joe, this girl is the best actress we've ever had on the lot," he told me, 'I watch her on the set and see her giving one of the greatest performances any girl ever gave. But we're not getting it on the screen.'

"I said: 'I think she looks marvelous. I've never done anything any better than this stuff.'

"'Maybe that's the trouble,' replied Capra, 'You're making her so beautiful that we aren't getting the real girl. Barbara has character. That's better



The soft semi-darkness pervading this scene, above, with Joan Crawford and Robert Young, in "Today We Live," is achieved through clever lighting.



Jean Harlow's platinum blonde hair and very fair complexion make the lighting of her scenes an unusually interesting problem.

than beauty and more interesting. Try her for character.'

"So I stopped making beautiful art studies of her and shot her just as she was. 'Ladies of Leisure' made a lot of money for the studio and a star of Barbara.

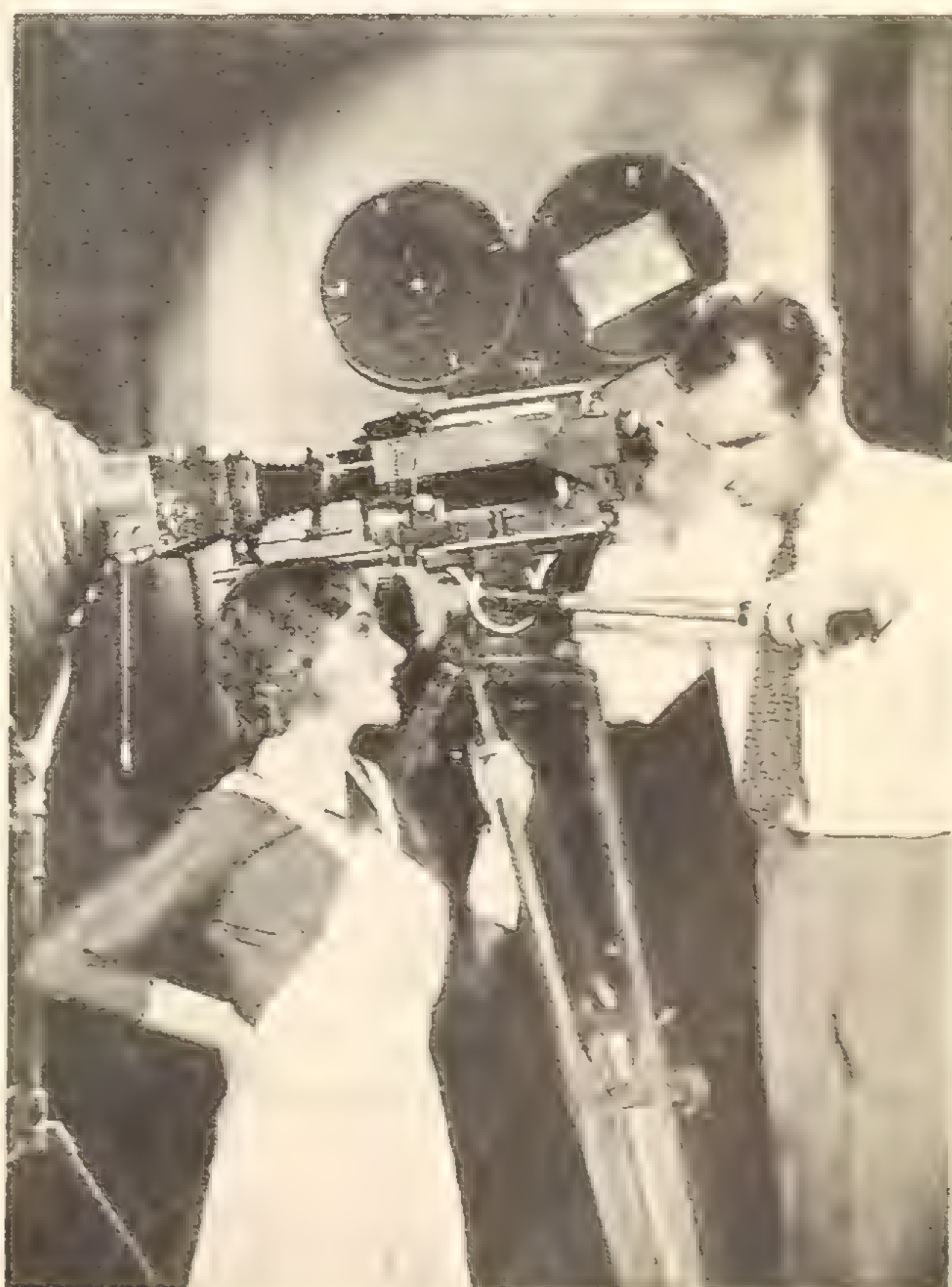
"You see, Barbara hates anything artificial, she hates make-up, she won't do anything unless it's natural. She always plays a part as if she were that girl and she knows what that girl would do in any situation, because she is that girl for the time.

"But (Continued on page 88)



Left, a scene played by Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in "Red Dust" which illustrates the problems of lighting two opposite types of faces at once. The light had to be softened for Jean's light coloring, and intensified for Clark's dark features.


Helen Hayes is an absorbing camera subject, owing to the infinite variety of her art and personality. No matter how much one may work with her, say photographers, her constant freshness continues to suggest new and different moods. Here is cameraman Charles Lang preparing her for some experimental shots.



SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!


Topaze
RKO



 A John Barrymore field day! And if you enjoy seeing Prince John revel in a rôle, this picture will entertain you. It is Mr. Barrymore's juiciest characterization since "Svengali"—but fortunately his whiskers are not so luxuriant. Although "Topaze" is frankly more of a frame for the Barrymore tricks and talents than a well balanced motion picture, it is always rather good fun. John plays, and plays, a Timid Soul teaching in a French boys' school. He is a good man and a good professor, but success passes him by—until, presto! he discovers that dishonesty is the best policy, becomes rich and famous, and steals another rich man's sweetheart, Myrna Loy. Speaking of Miss Loy, and do let's, she manages somehow to score with the minimum number of close-ups ever allotted a heroine. She is very smooth and sirenic, and I find myself wondering if her quiet but telling performance isn't a greater acting feat than Mr. Barrymore's. Ssh! Not so loud. I believe that's what they call committing lese majesty.

King Kong
RKO




 So the monster climbed the Empire State Building. So all Manhattan was in his power. So-o-o-o—oh, sorry, Mr. Wynn; but only you should tell the story of "King Kong." Only you could do it justice. It's that fantastic. You won't believe it until you've seen it, and then you won't; but check your common sense and you'll have a grand time. It is beyond a doubt the most exciting picture ever filmed. When Robert Armstrong, as a director of adventure movies, sets out for an island where no white man has ever been, you just know there's going to be trouble. Fay Wray comes along as the beautiful heroine, because the public—yoo-hoo!—demands love interest in its films. I won't keep you in suspense—they meet *King Kong*, giant ape sixty feet tall. And they capture him and bring him to New York for personal appearances! The super-climax comes when the monster climbs the Empire State Building with Fay in his paw. See it to find out how they make Manhattan safe from *Kong*.

REVIEWS of the Best Pictures By *Delight Evans*

Clear All
Wires
M-G-M



 This is my favorite picture of the month. I mean I had a better time seeing it than any of the others. I must warn you, however, that it hasn't a monster in it, or a horde of elephants, or a pack of lions. But Lee Tracy more than takes their place. And if you think I mean by that, that Lee is a three-ring circus, you're right—I do. He is my idea of entertainment as he plays, frantically and furiously, the ace newspaper correspondent in Moscow, carrying out his own five-day plan. He can't find news, so he makes it—Stalin or no Stalin. And he would have gone right on rewriting Russian history if it hadn't been for a Girl—and a Girl with a Southern accent. You've guessed it, Una Merkel. More fun. Oh, yes, and there's another girl, Benita Hume, from England, and very charming, too. And still another, Lya Lys. And now I've told you enough. See it. And here's a suggestion for M-G-M—why not a sequel? More mad Tracy adventures? He's our champion depression-chaser.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Extra Review

of "Secrets"

United Artists



Here's a heart-warming event! It is the finest motion picture Mary Pickford has ever made. You will enjoy "Secrets" for its own sake as splendid family entertainment, but you will thrill, no less, to the exquisite performance given by the "little girl with the golden curls" who has grown into a poised, appealing actress. The new "Secrets" is a beautiful and lavish production, with Frank Borzage's direction lifting the comedy sequences into sheer charm, and the drama to real heights. You will see Leslie Howard in a new rôle—that of a pioneer who wins through the West to the Governorship of California. Although so obviously miscast physically in this sturdy part, Mr. Howard endows it with all of his inimitable art, and his tender scenes with Mary are unsurpassed on current screens. From gay youth to serene old age, the "Secrets" stars hold your keen interest. See this—and take the family.



King
of the
Jungle
Paramount



Let's go native—again. This time with *Kaspa, the Lion Man*, first cousin to *Tarzan of the Apes*, and certainly a not-too-distant relative of Kipling's *Kim*. You'll like *Kaspa*, who was orphaned in the jungle when a little boy, and brought up by friendly lions. Yes, it's like that. But go in the circus mood and you'll be vastly entertained. It's a real thrill-picture—you see, *Kaspa* is captured with his animals and brought to America as a circus attraction, and meets Frances Dee, who is the only one who can tame him, and a fire breaks out, and the animals break loose, and—and—whew! My eyes are still popping. Those stampede scenes are terrific. Round up all the small boys in the neighborhood and take them. Paramount atones for "She Done Him Wrong" with "King of the Jungle." You'll like Buster Crabbe—a nice, sincere, handsome boy—champ swimmer, too. Frances Dee is just right as the one entirely believable person in this picture. She is charming.



The Great
Jasper
RKO



Here's a picture that should appeal to people demanding down-to-earth entertainment. It has the pungent appeal of a realistic novel. And it presents a colorful character in *Jasper Horn*, covering his career from horse-car motor-man to prosperous fortune-teller. Richard Dix plays *Jasper* with insight and understanding. It's his most interesting film since "Cimarron." There's fine flavor to the early scenes, with the lovable but unscrupulous *Jasper* leading a double life—his wife, splendidly played by Florence Eldridge, has a rival in the beautiful wife of his employer, enacted by the newcomer, Wera Engels. As *Jasper* "progresses" to fortune as a fakir in a fez, Dix manages to make him always a sympathetic and human figure. For adult movie-goers, "The Great Jasper" is full-flavored, absorbing, "real" film fare. But the younger members of the family had better go see "King Kong." And be sure to wear your fright wig. (Broadway for: be prepared to have your hair stand on end.)



Our Betters
RKO



And one of Connie Bennett's better pictures. In fact, it's her best as far as this reviewer can remember. It's brittle, sophisticated, and bitter, and it is dialogued in the most acid W. Somerset Maugham manner. Connie plays an American girl who has married a title. Unhappy, she glitters in social brilliance, surrounded by a group of equally bored and witty people. The Maugham society portraits are mocking and clever, and as interpreted by Violet Kemble-Cooper, Gilbert Roland, Phoebe Foster, and other smart performers they take on vivid cinematic interest. Fortunately, the star is saved from the commercial bathos of her more recent films by the superior snootiness of the story. Connie's rôle calls for dash and arrogance, and she plays it superbly. And I want to save a special round of applause for Gilbert Roland. He is rapidly becoming a real actor, this boy, and I'm beginning to think he is star material, if they'll only let him be something besides "just a gigolo."

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

SCREENLAND'S



We give you Glamor—in person! Glamor, impersonated by one of the most gorgeous picture girls of them all, Miss Jean Harlow. The Platinum Blonde consented to edit these pages for us this month, presenting her new Spring clothes and her own intimate advice on how to wear them

Ever since she first sizzled on the screen in "Hell's Angels," Jean Harlow has stood for high-voltage lure. So when Jean says, "Stick to skirts," better listen! Miss Harlow follows the tailored trend just so far, permitting her cape suit to be severe, but never mannish.

Harlow's checks are good! Jean's cape suit is carried out in smart brown and tan check wool. When you wear a cape, says Jean, you must live up to it! Capes call for swagger.



And now the hat! A creased-crown tan felt "vagabond" with brown grosgrain ribbon band. Jean's warning: A hat like this is an exaggeration; therefore, wear it insolently. Like that!

Glamor School

Original! Exclusive! Scoop! SCREENLAND gave you Glamor-guidance first. Now the imitators are crowding after. So, this month, The Smart Screen Magazine introduces still another new slant—the personal touch of a famous screen star, as Glamor Editor. Watch for another noted screen star next month



Jean Harlow wears white on every possible occasion. Reason? It's spectacular! Add a red jacket to a simple white dress—see the large picture, above—and you have a spectator-sports costume that cries for attention. See the novel laced closing of the dress?

Left, Jean tops her red-and-white suit with a coat of white angora, with raglan sleeves and puff-above-wrist fullness. With this ensemble, which looks simply luscious but is really simple, Jean wears a shallow hat of white crêpe.

Still another hat, this time of straw, selected by Miss Harlow for your approval because of those pert winged bows of grosgrain ribbon. Like it?



SCREENLAND'S

Glamor. (Glamour.) 1. Magic; enchantment; a spell or charm. 2. A magical or fictitious glory or beauty; a deceptive or alluring charm; witchery.—*Webster's Dictionary*. And every woman wants to achieve it!

Positively no sports clothes just for effect, girls, advises Jean Harlow. The semi-mannish suit sponsored by most smartwomen for sports and country wear, should be cast aside for strictly feminine attire when it has served its utilitarian purpose. The full-length picture of Jean shows her favorite afternoon dress, jumper style with a crisp white organdie blouse. The two-tiered ruffles of collar and sleeves are extremely girlish and dainty, and Jean loves 'em!



Personal daintiness is a fetish with Jean Harlow. She is just as fussy about non-shine nose and fresh lip-rouge when she is playing golf as she has to be when she is facing a movie camera. Here's Jean repairing her wind-blown make-up at the emergency mirror of her sedan.



Harlow's first home rule for lovely hair is, "Brush it until it shines. Then, when your coiffure is as smart as you can make it, give yourself the Profile Test!"

Glamor School

With all due respect to Webster, SCREENLAND believes that Hollywood girls know more about Glamor than anyone! And we have asked them to define it for you in practical terms. This month Jean Harlow is your Glamor Guide

Don't make hard-and-fast clothes rules you can't break, grins our Glamor Guide. For instance, Jean invariably wears white for evening. That is, she did until she saw this frock in pastel-shaded orchid, and ordered it sent straight home. Of course, that cascade of ruffles is perfectly charming, but be sure your figure approaches something near the Harlow perfection before you invest.

Ear, ear! Jean sponsors ear-revealing, believing it adds character to the coiffure. And notice those exquisitely manicured nails! Like so many aware women, Jean Harlow varies her liquid polish to match her moods and costumes.



Photographs of Miss Harlow posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Clarence Sinclair Bull. Clothes courtesy I. Magnin, Hollywood.





"He's always trying to make me save my money," accuses Bert, "as if I didn't know he has plenty for us both!" But Wheeler admits that his pal is largely responsible for his success.

BOB is worse than a wife. Always nagging, always picking on me. Always trying to make me save my money, as if I didn't know that he has plenty for us both to live on.

When I first met Bob a few years ago I didn't think he was funny. We were featured comedians in Ziegfeld's original New York production of "Rio Rita." I had never seen Bob before. As I had been in the "Follies" four years, I was the fair-haired boy. Ziggy really thought I was funny. A pal(?) told me that I had nothing to worry about as Bob wasn't funny. Bob is very direct and out-spoken. After a few rehearsals of the show, he told me to my face that if I insisted upon using my revue and vaudeville comedy methods, I would throw my characterization right out of the window. Was I burned up? I told him to go lay down and roll over, but on the opening night he bounced so many laughs off the top of my head that I thought I was in the ring with Jack Dempsey.

I was a flop that opening night. After thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that this Woolsey knew what it was all about. Next day I made up with him. Then and there he started in picking me to pieces and nagging away like an old hen. But when he got through with me I was clicking. We worked together for three solid years in "Rio Rita," and we grew so used to one another that we decided to stay spliced.

Just having Bob around all the time is like being married, and I ought to know, because I have been married twice.

He is always finding out where I was last night, and I never try to disappoint him. I have a weakness for staying up late at night clubs, while Bob is happily mar-

What I Think of Bob

Half of a cuckoo comedy team talks about his wild-and-Woolsey partner

By
Bert Wheeler

ried and likes to stay home. One day on the set when I looked particularly tired, Bob suggested I give the director and cameraman a break by getting some sleep. We shook hands and I promised to be a good boy. But habit was too strong that night and my foot slipped. As Bob didn't happen to sleep very well that night, he arose at three o'clock in the morning to take his dog out for a walk. Just around the corner from where he lived there was a speak-easy. He stepped in to get a bracer—and there was his side-kick, the lone customer, making whoopee with the Hawaiian orchestra. Bob has never recovered from that episode. (Continued on page 86)



The firm of W. and W. give Raquel Torres a surprising welcome in "So This is Africa," their new film, in which the clown princes are a couple of slightly cracked explorers.

What I Think of Bert

The man with the cigar
tells the whole truth about
his team-mate

By
Robert Woolsey

I HAVE no one to blame but myself. It was my own idea and I'm stuck with it. I took Bert for better or worse, and I got both.

Of course, if I had it to do over again I would do the same thing, because I realize that Bert is a nice, lovable little guy who would be absolutely helpless without me. He is God's gift to Woolsey.

When I first laid eyes on Bert some ten years ago, he was featured in Ziegfeld's "Follies." He was working with a broken arm, and I vividly recall how the little



"I took you for better or for worse," retorts Woolsey, "and I got both!" But he gets along all right with his accomplice—because, he says, he wouldn't know how to get along without him!



Reverse English—or is it German? The members of the firm take revenge on Marlene Dietrich and the other trouser-toting ladies by beating them at their own game. Wally Beery acts as their escort.

punk aroused my sympathy. I have been a sucker for his appeal ever since.

He has that God-given sympathetic personality that makes everyone want to take care of him, and everyone does, from me to the prop man. The women are natural set-ups for Bert. They love to "mother" him because they think he is so darned cute and helpless.

Bert knows everybody. He is a great mixer. He likes to be called "Bert." He is the most popular guy I have ever known. It often takes him an hour to walk a couple of blocks on Hollywood Boulevard or Broadway because everybody stops him to talk.

"Hello, pal," says Bert. "I'm certainly glad to see you. How long have you been out here?" And the guy probably replies, "Five years." But Bert still manages to make him believe that he is an old pal. Then he usually turns to me and asks, "Who was that guy, Bob?"

I call Bert "A Hail Fellow, All Wet!"

But he is one swell little guy, Bert is. I have never known him to say an unkind word about another person, nor to hurt anyone's feelings. He never indulges in practical jokes at another's expense.

Bert has the finest sense of loyalty I know, and he is generous to a fault. If he had one-tenth of the money he has earned, he would be a rich man. Before we formed a corporation, he spent his money like water, and seldom knew where it went. In two years he bought seven different new and expensive automobiles. But when he went to an Auto Show and purchased an airplane, that was the pay-off. I had had enough. It was up to me to get his money back, which I did.

Although Bert has no business ability, he can drop \$10,000 in the stock market or (Continued on page 87)



Here you are at Studio F, National Broadcasting Company, watching Miss Winifred Booth Tarkington's popular "Maud and Cousin Bill" sketches. Miss Lenihan re- Besides that, she makes recordings of each skit so that she can time the program



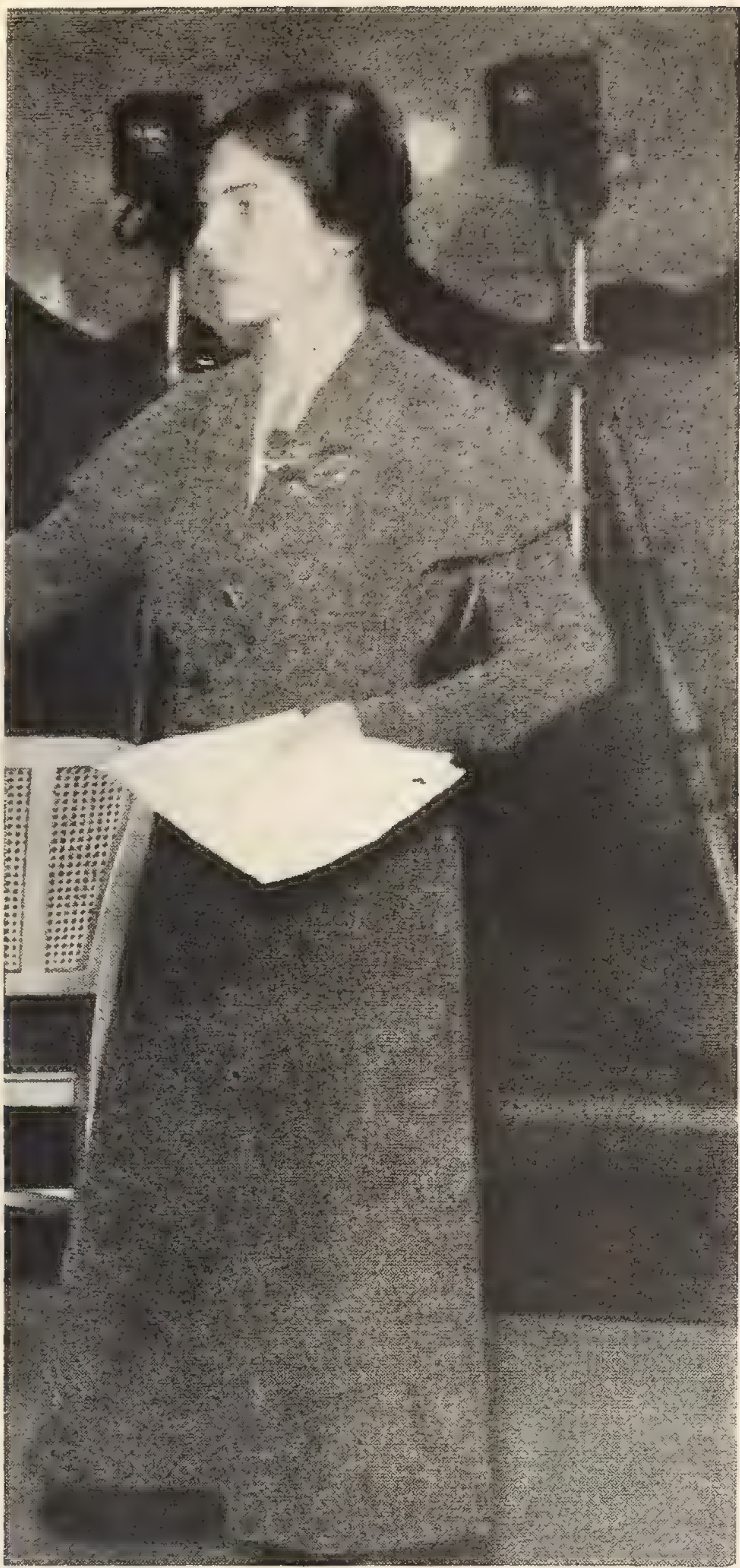
Winifred Lenihan was formerly with the Theatre Guild as actress and directress, and later founded and conducted the Theatre Guild's school of acting. This is Miss Lenihan's first radio job and she loves it!

HOW would you like to sit in on a radio rehearsal? I *thought* you would! Come along, then, to the National Broadcasting Company—Studio F—14th Floor. It's Booth Tarkington's grand "Maud and Cousin Bill" series, directed by Miss Winifred Lenihan, who used to be with the Theatre Guild as actress and directress, and who founded and conducted the Theatre Guild's school of acting. During the past two years she directed several productions for the New York Repertory Company. And now radio has captivated her.

This, Miss Lenihan tells me, is her first radio experience, and she's tremendously interested in her work. "I like to try anything new," is her comment, "and at the moment radio is absorbing all my attention. No," in answer to my question, "I don't think I'll ever get away from the theatre. I get bored very quickly and I find I last about two years on a job. But when I get tired of acting I direct, and when I weary of that I start a school for acting. It's hectic, but it's grand!"

Studio F is a very large room. Two baby grand pianos occupy part of one corner of the room. A table in another, and several chairs are scattered here and there. Two microphones placed very low so that *Maud and Bill*, the youngsters who perform the Tarkington sketches, won't have to stand on tip-toes or stretch their necks or sit on stools, and there are several higher mikes for the grown-ups. In another part of the studio is a large box-like contraption with a door. When the door is opened it is supposed to squeak like a screen door. But at this rehearsal it just wouldn't squeak—someone must have oiled the door! They had to use a swivel chair to get the desired effect.

Miss Lenihan rehearses each sketch at least eight hours. She even makes recordings of every skit so that she can time the program and correct the youngsters' errors. She treats the kids like grown-ups. (Continued on page 77)



Lenihan, extreme right, directing one of hearses each sketch at least eight hours. and correct the youngsters' errors, if any.

And who are Maud and Cousin Bill, Pray?

Meet the Booth Tarkington radio youngsters, and their "teacher," Miss Winifred Lenihan

By Evelyn Ballarine



"What's yours is mine," is Maud's motto, and here she is helping Cousin Bill drink his sody, pray! Both these youngsters are veteran radio performers.

Booth Tarkington's Radio Kids in Action!

*(Excerpts from a Booth Tarkington
"Maud and Cousin Bill" radio script.)*

Maud: My goodness, Bill, it's lucky for you that I'm your partner in this lemonade business.

Bill: I don't see anything so lucky for me about that.

Maud: You don't? Why, if I wasn't your partner, where would you of got any four lemons to make any of this good ole four lemon lemonade out of, I ask you, pray?

Bill: I'd of got 'em off Kitty Silvers just the way you did, pray. Wouldn't I, pray?

Maud: No you wouldn't, pray.

Bill: Why wouldn't I, pray?

Maud: Because, pray, you'd of got tired askin' her for 'em long before I did. I had to keep askin' her for these lemons and the good ole sugar we got with 'em for pretty near a whole afternoon. Why, I began askin' her for 'em right after school yesterday and she didn't say yes and give 'em to me until it was almost time for

Grandpa's supper and she said she (thought she must be going crazy. I bet if it'd been you, Bill, you'd only have asked her for 'em about a couple o' dozen times, and then you wouldn't of got 'em. Would you, pray?

Bill: Oh, fluff! My goodness, Maud, maybe you did get the ole lemons; but—

Maud: And the sugar, Bill.

Bill: Well, all right, maybe you did get the lemons and the sugar; but—

Maud: And the cookies, Bill. Don't forget the cookies. I got the cookies off Kitty Silvers, too, Bill.

Bill: My goodness, listen, what if you did? We can't ever sell any lemonade or anything, can we, if you keep talkin' so much, can we? And the whole reason of this lemonade is to sell it and make money, isn't it?

Maud: Oh. Well, what do we haf to do to sell it?

Bill: My goodness, we haf to holler. Like this. Listen. Lemo! Ice cold fresh lemo! Step up, everybody, and get your nice fresh lemo, only a nickel, a half a dime, a twentieth part of a dolluh!



Look at this electric hair of Peggy Shannon. Its striking beauty becomes dramatic. How could such loveliness fail to strike a spark of beauty in any sensitive mind? "And it is really easy to have beautiful hair!" says Margery Wilson.

*By
Margery
Wilson*

"—and in my dreams, the moonlight seems to find your silken tresses tangled in my heart."

HAS no love-struck swain ever written sonnets to your lovely hair? Then you have missed one of the thrills every woman should have. These are the little things that keep the cockles of the feminine heart warm for years and years. Like scented keep-sakes in the memory their poignancy grows in retrospect. Lay up these treasures for yourself!

Look at this lovely hair of Peggy Shannon. Its striking beauty becomes dramatic. Its rippling rhythm becomes a living poem, and how welcome in these fretted days. How could such loveliness fail to strike a spark of beauty in any sensitive mind? The tortured, chaotic world owes a vote of thanks to every woman who by any outward or inner expression of loveliness brings the soothing touch of beauty. Such charm is repaid gratefully in many ways. And it is really easy to have beautiful hair!

Your hair responds instantly to intelligent care. No period of waiting is necessary before you enjoy the fruits of your effort. In two hours' time or less, you can turn a head of lank, listless, dull hair into a crown

of shimmering glory. Of course, it does take a bit more time to train it into lovely arrangement. But if your hair is in good condition it will be much more obedient to your will—or should I say, your fingers? I learn that more and more women are doing their hair at home. No doubt economic necessity has influenced that. But your hair seems to be glad of it. Perhaps it's because in a shop you hesitate to order extras such as oil, and egg and a lemon rinse on account of the expense. At home you think nothing of reaching into the medicine chest and the refrigerator for what you want. Then, too, the products of many of the finest hair specialists are available for home use. You can put a tonic or an oil in your hair and leave it for a couple of hours—or even all night! This helps to keep the cuticle of the scalp softened and clear, permitting the hair to get more air and light. When you first begin to do your hair at home you feel all thumbs, I know. But very quickly you can gain an expertness that will save your time and energy. You need but few tools and materials and some smart labor-saving ideas.

All hair, even the oiliest, needs a few good oil treatments to clear and stimulate the scalp. Oily hair indicates weak or over-active glands. By softening and

Happiness *in* Hair!

Dramatize your tresses! Make your coiffure close-ups as lovely as your favorite screen star's

Here the shining tresses of Miriam Jordan are part of her silken lure with which she charms handsome men like Warner Baxter, right, in "Dangerously Yours."



clearing the cuticle of the scalp with oil and massaging it well you strengthen the oil glands to normalcy. Sometimes the scalp tries to supply oil enough to soften the dandruff and cuticle. When the necessity for this is removed the glands stop flowing so freely. Nature does only what it must do. For dry hair, the softening and stimulation of oil massage also restores normalcy.

I have said over and over again in this department that so often we do not do the things we should do to care for our beauty because we have not arranged things conveniently for that purpose. For instance, sometimes the putting of tonic in your hair just seems too much of a job—and it simply goes undone. The mere thought of parting your hair into fifty little parts and applying the tonic with a dab of cotton—well, it just

stays a mere thought. But here is a simple little way to do it quickly and cleanly and almost without effort. Put it in, directly on your scalp, with an eye-dropper! No muss, no parting, and you don't get it on your hair so much if you wish to keep it only on your scalp.

When you haven't time for an oil treatment, just break an egg over your dry head, (yes, the whole egg right out of the shell), and rub it well into your scalp.

Then wash your head thoroughly—that means three soapings—with a good soap or shampoo. Never rub a cake of soap directly on your hair. (If you use soap instead of a prepared shampoo, melt it first.) The work will be simplified if you have a spray, but, if not, use a cup to pour the water over your hair. Thorough rinsing is the secret of a good shampoo. Rinse it and rinse it and rinse it! And then finish with a lemon rinse. This cuts the very last of the soap out of your hair and leaves it soft, fluffy, and silky. If you want your hair to look very much
(Continued on page 95)



Julie Haydon is showing you how to brush your hair up! This is absolutely the correct way. Separate it into sections. Brushing polishes your hair until it shines like burnished metal.

Kay Francis is an actress whose hair one always remembers. She has gone in for a new softness about her face, instead of that sleek, chic, satiny look.

Dorothy Wilson prefers the quaint coiffure. She exemplifies this trend with her hair brought simply, but softly, back into low knots behind the ears.



Here's Hollywood!



Just a couple of fresh-air enthusiasts! Consuelo Baker and Althea Henley, two new RKO pretties, believe in being their natural selves as nearly as possible. They're appearing in a zippy comedy called "Zip Hooray!"

THE most disappointed lady of the month—Joan Crawford. With her bags all packed for a trip to New York, she was asked by her studio to return for retakes for "Today We Live." And before they were completed, studio officials decided to rush production on "Dancing Lady," so Joan sorrowfully unpacked her bags and settled down to another two months of work.

Always a believer in preparedness, Miss Crawford had wired New York ticket agencies to reserve first row seats for her to all successful stage shows, and cancellation of these ticket orders very nearly broke her heart.

CAN you imagine Clara Bow as a proud mother? Clara may adopt two ten-year-old twins, a boy and a girl, named John and Lillian, children of an uncle of hers. She is so fond of them that she decided to take them to her Beverly Hills home. If the kids get along with Clara and Rex as well as they are expected to, Clara eventually will adopt them legally.

TWO surprise parties, both occurring in one day, caused Clark Gable no end of blushes. The first took place on "The White Sister" set and was sponsored by Helen Hayes, director Victor Fleming, and others. All members of the cast and staff were present, and the party was a gay one. It lasted until after six o'clock; in fact, it had to last, because:

Mrs. Gable also staged a surprise party for Clark's birthday at home, and he had to be detained at the studio until after six o'clock so that all the guests might assemble. More than a score of stars and social lights were present at Mrs. Gable's surprise affair.

PREPARE, you Karen Morley fans, to welcome her back to the screen. After a six months' absence, ordered by the doctor for rest purposes but made over into a honeymoon, she returns in "Gabriel Over the White House," a title that is sure to be changed.

Karen has added several pounds. Marriage must agree with her, for she looks better and is acting with a new verve that was lacking when her nerves were in such bad order.

Newsy news—gay
gossip—exciting
personalities

By
Weston East



Here's how Clark Gable looks when walking to the set of "The White Sister." Note the military boots.



Here are Marlene and Brian in one of the first stills from "Song of Songs." How do you like Marlene in that demure "Nineties" blouse? Marlene claims she is going back to Germany after this film.



La Dietrich lunches with Brian Aherne, her new leading man in "Song of Songs." Remember when SCREENLAND suggested putting the handsome Aherne in pictures? Hollywood took notice!

AT this writing, the disagreement between Paramount and George Raft seems to have been amicably ironed out. Raft, who turned down the rôle of *Popeye* in William Faulkner's story, "Shame of Temple Drake" is scheduled for a part in "The Trumpet Blows," which, like the former picture, stars Miriam Hopkins. I asked George about his reasons for refusing to play the villainous *Popeye*.

"The rôle would do me great harm," Raft said. "The friends I have won over the past two years would dislike me. I told my employers this and I made them a proposition: I agreed to play the part if the studio would give me a salary increase and a straight two-year contract. I would need at least two years to regain my fan friends."

Whatever may have been the arrangement finally arrived at, Raft seems satisfied with his rôle in "The Trumpet Blows," and is ready to begin work in one of the leading parts. By a curious coincidence, young Jack LaRue, who stepped into Raft's part in "Temple Drake," will also be in the cast of the new Hopkins-Raft picture.

RICHARD "SKEETS" GALLAGHER'S young son disappeared from home not long ago. A widespread search, involving the police, was instigated, and the Gallaghers were certain that Junior had been kidnapped.

But they found him. He was discovered hours later, marching in an unemployment parade. Skeets, Jr. was carrying a banner which bore the words: "Buy American and Put My Daddy to Work!"

LEW AYRES introduced something new, even to Hollywood, with his "divorce in escrow."

When he and Lola Lane Ayres agreed upon a divorce, Lew placed in escrow the settlement money, with instructions to pay over to Lola after the decree was granted.

Incidentally, Ayres attended the preview of "State Fair" and conceived an idea from watching *Blue Boy*, the prize hog, emote. He went home from the preview, packed and left at daybreak for a Northern California mountain range, where he hunted wild hogs, or boars.

BILLY BAKEWELL can use "isolated" in a sentence. Sez he: "I went to a theatre but isolated didn't do me any good."



The gals go turtle-neck! At least, Betty Furness does, in this attractive high-necked sweater. Pretty picture!

IF Marlene Dietrich's masculine apparel has aroused excited comment, it has also inspired the sharp wits, and I present you herewith an assortment of cracks and authors:

Groucho re-Marxed: "It's okay for women to wear pants, if they can't be seen."

Durante Jimmie-d his way in with: "I hear Dietrich wears skirts in her latest picture; playing a character rôle?"

While Keaton Buster-ed out with: "Trying to start a fad to hide pretty legs, huh? Her name should be Marlene Dirty-trick."

IMAGINE the chagrin of the telephone company officials when Constance Bennett called to say that when she requested a change of number, she had been given Buster Keaton's old 'phone.

"People are calling here at all hours of the night," said La Bennett, "and are asking for Mr. Keaton. Give me a new number, or else!"

THAT was a novel experience that happened to Richard Dix. In "The Great Jasper," Dix has scenes at a bar in which he winks at a wine girl. The wink, to register properly, had to be delivered prodigiously, and Dix practiced so much he began to drop his lid involuntarily.

So when he stopped at a drug store fountain to order a soda, and winked without meaning to, he nearly fell off the stool when he tasted his drink and discovered he had gin and ginger ale.

WITH the report prevalent that Lilian Harvey, newly imported European actress, is in love with William Fritsch, the German actor, Hollywood has paraphrased Will Mahoney's song and applied the results to her. Each time she is met by one of her friends, he sings, "She's his Lilie, he's her Willie." And so much in love is Lilian, they say, that she doesn't mind the teasing.

Incidentally, Miss Harvey is one of the tiniest stars in Hollywood—five feet in height, she has a 22 inch waist and weighs around 90 pounds.

NEVER before has so dazzling a railway train left a Los Angeles station as was that "Forty-second Street" special, advertising Warner Brothers' big picture, which made a tour of the country. Six cars, covered with gold and silver leaf and bearing an amazing array of sun arcs and searchlights, bore a number of stars and a chorus of "Hollywood's most beautiful girls" Eastward.

THE prominent players who made the tour included Bette Davis, Laura La Plante, Eleanor Holm, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot, Leo Carrillo, Glenda Farrell, Claire Dodd, and Tom Mix and his horse, King. Joe E. Brown met the train at Chicago and continued the tour from that point. Jack Dempsey joined up at Kansas City.

Tom Mix rode in the inaugural parade of Theodore Roosevelt in 1905, as well as in that of his distinguished relative in 1933. He made a bet with Franklin Roosevelt before election that he would ride in the latter's inaugural parade; and now Tom has won.

Denver, Kansas City, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, Boston, New York and many other cities were visited, and the entire party attended the Inaugural Ball in Washington as guests of President Roosevelt. Members of the troupe were honored with parties in every city visited, and all made personal appearances concurrent with the opening of the picture for which the train was named.

If the stars did not feel at home, it was not the fault of studio artists, for the observation coach was given an interior decoration patterned after Malibu beach, with the walls bearing familiar backgrounds and the floor covered with grass and sand.

ANDY DEVINE, speaking of the divorce of Lola Lane from Lew Ayres, said, "She is the Lane that had a turning."

THERE are those in Hollywood who say Peggy Hopkins Joyce proved to be a disappointment, at least in one particular. She appeared at social events wearing only one wedding ring.



Remember Ernest Truex in the old silents? Here's Ernest hiding behind a beard in "The Warrior's Husband," in which he makes his talkie debut with Elissa Landi and Marjorie Rambeau. It's from a recent stage hit.

JIMMY DUNN dislikes combing his hair (but does for the screen, thereby making his a *screen part*) . . . Marjorie White makes her screen come-back in the next Bert Wheeler-Robert Woolsey picture . . . Will Rogers never talks on the telephone when avoidable . . . Miriam Jordan has seven sisters and one brother . . . Katharine Hepburn introduced a desk picture frame featuring a cigarette box on its back . . . Joan Crawford wears a Parisian beret woven out of bird feathers . . . Door of Sylvia Sidney's dressing room, once occupied by Pola Negri, still bears mark made by perfume bottle thrown by Polish star in fit of anger . . . Chico Marx claims brothers titled their new picture "Grasshoppers" because of popularity of animal films . . . Karen Morley's wedding ring is of the old-fashioned, plain gold kind . . . Gary Cooper repainted his yellow car to black because people had a habit of auto-graphing it . . . Wynne Gibson planned to move and told her friends, then forgot it herself until the morning the moving van men knocked at her door.



Here's charming Elizabeth Allan, star of British pictures. Hollywood, taking another SCREENLAND tip, has called her.



Arch-villain! Here's how Jack LaRue, as *Popeye*, menaces Miriam Hopkins in "Shame of Temple Drake." It's the rôle George Raft walked out on.

DESPITE all reports, Maureen O'Sullivan is not retiring from motion pictures, nor is she returning to Ireland to live—not for some time, at any rate. She has been signed to a new long term contract and will be a Hollywood citizen for at least a few more years, so rest easily, you O'Sullivan fans.

A SMART cracker, that Ely Culbertson, bridge expert. When he was called into studio conference, he chirped: "I never know whether I'm here to talk about your contract, or mine."

MY, WHAT a valuable accessory is a dog's nose. If it is warm, the dog is ill; if cold, the animal is well—thus, its nose is a barometer of the dog's health.

But now canine noses have a new use. Jean Harlow has discovered, with the aid of a veterinarian, that "nose prints" of dogs, like thumb prints of humans, all differ. She has had all her pets "nose printed," and the State of California is interested in the idea for general practice.



Ronald Colman plays a tense scene ader." It's the second time Ronnie Who'll triumph in this



Look out, *Temple Drake*! Miriam cowers before the baleful stare of *Popeye*—and well she may, for he's one of the meanest men in all screen history.

THE bridge battle between the Culbertsons, Ely and Josephine, and the Marx Brothers, Harpo and Zeppo, might have been a box-office attraction had the latter team not chosen to clown. It goes without saying that the Culbertsons won.

Following Culbertson's statement that movie actors are not good bridge players, the Marx brothers (who *are* fine players) issued a challenge, which was accepted. However, the screen comedians saw too much opportunity for publicity, and they responded nobly. They began by going into training—they punched bags, blew up footballs to develop their wind and went into what they called "signal practice."

By the time the contest actually began, the matter had turned into a huge joke. And by the score rolled up on the Culbertson's side of the sheet, the joke became even more ludicrous.

IN "SECRETS," Huntley Gordon plays Mary Pickford's son in the picture's latter sequences. It was all done with make-up—Gordon is almost old enough to be Mary's father in real life.



opposite himself in "The Masquerade"—has played a dual rôle in talkies. scene, Colman or Colman?

TITLES of successive Slim Sumnerville-Zasu Pitts comedies: "The Unexpected Father," "They Had to Get Married," and "Niagara Falls" . . . The long heralded Arline Judge-Wesley Ruggles baby is a boy; named Charles Wesley Ruggles for his uncle and father . . . Spencer Tracy has invented a liniment for lame excuses . . . Lola Lane won her divorce from Lew Ayres, plus a \$33,500 settlement . . . Clara Bow and Rex Bell have returned to Cali-phobia and the movies . . . Helen Hayes bought a silver set at auction, and on arrival home found each piece engraved, "New York Athletic Club" . . . James Cagney, four months after winning strike for higher wages, voluntarily took \$500-a-week salary slash . . . Lilyan Tashman has been scoring Western stage success in "Grounds for Divorce" . . . Joan Crawford owns a gorgeous new diamond and emerald ring, gift of Doug Fairbanks, Jr. . . . Buster Keaton has retired from the movies, perhaps permanently.



Wide World

The celebrated Peggy Joyce employs the leisure of a cross-country train ride to minister to her make-up.

EVEN the world's richest man is susceptible to the lures of Greta Garbo. None other than Henry Ford, who makes dollars grow where pennies bloomed before, requested and received a photograph of Greta Garbo.

Lest you think that the man who took millions of people off their feet (and put them back again) is Garbo-smitten, let me impart that he wanted the picture to hang in his own Dearborn hall of fame.

THE fact isn't generally known, but when Constance Bennett boarded that small steamer that left Los Angeles harbor for Europe, she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The reason she journeyed on the small boat was that it carried few passengers and was at sea twenty-four days, which she used for a complete rest.

There were only eleven other passengers besides Connie and her husband. And among a group of newspaper reporters and friends gathered to see the star off was one brave soul who murmured: "What a great yarn might be had from those other eleven passengers when that boat docks in England. It should be titled 'Three Weeks at Sea, With Storm Effects Outside and In'."

Miss Bennett announced shortly before her departure that she will return to complete her present contract, after which she will retire, to live in Europe and visit in America.

NOW for some confidential, inside "dirt": Helen Hayes-MacArthur's four-year-old daughter presented Norma Shearer's baby with a kitten, to which Norma's youngster became so attached that it was almost necessary to take the feline to Europe when the family departed.

This is the "dirt": It is whispered that the very young Miss Hayes-MacArthur is shining up to the Shearer baby because Irving Thalberg, Norma's husband, is a producer. You see, little Miss Hayes-MacArthur is said to have movie ambitions.



The not-so-terrible Turk! Versatile Ramon Novarro plays a Mohammedan youth in "Man of the Nile," with Myrna Loy and Ali, who, unless we're all wrong, plays the part of a Turkish terrier.



Ver-ee pret-tee, Maurice! Chevalier and this able young supporting actor, known in his first picture as *Monsieur*, play a touching scene in "A Bedtime Story." Monsieur wants to help the other innocent babe do some of the work!

HOW many remember Betty Blythe, who a few years ago was the screen's foremost "vampire"? Betty returns to the screen in "Pilgrimage," but instead of being a vamp, she enacts the rôle of a charity worker.

Another come-back is Viola Dana, popular comedienne-star of a few years ago.

OH, THE envy of all the stars who gaze with awe at the automobile license plate on Clark Gable's car! His number is 1-Y-1, and it is said that the Governor of California honored his favorite masculine star with that particular plate.



EVERY Monday night is "movie night" in Joan Crawford's home. She has her own projection machine and screen, together with complete talkie equipment, and on Mondays she invites several friends to dinner, after which they enjoy private shows. Joan always rents the latest pictures for these occasions.

The Crawford shows differ from theatrical performances primarily in that Joan and her audiences cheer for the heroes and hiss the villains, and throughout the picture advice is shouted to the movie leading man or leading woman, while the coming of the villain is always hailed with, "Look out! Here's that man again!"

Here's a part of the cheering crowd that greeted Tom Mix and the bevy of Warner stars on the "42nd Street" special train when they stopped at Denver, Colorado.

Some of the Warner beauties who made the transcontinental trip, photographed with some admirers. Find Glenda Farrell, Laura LaPlante, Eleanor Holm, Claire Dodd, and Bette Davis.



I'M NOT given to repeating stories, but the incident that took place on "The Masquerader" set must be re-told. It seems that Ronald Colman was called on to speak a line that had the tempo of doggerel. The line was: "The car's in the drive and your coat's in the car."

So enchanting were the words' rhythm that Colman could not resist adding, in precisely the same tone, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

And instantly from elsewhere on the set, Elissa Landi's voice rang: "With a hey-nony-nony and a hot-cha-cha!"

POLLY MORAN often drives her motor, while her chauffeur sits in the back seat and reads . . . What's become of the orchestras that used to be on sets to entertain the stars between scenes? . . . Jean Harlow is taking golfing lessons from Leo Diegel, one of the world's greatest pros . . . Marlene Dietrich adores her red and white polka-dot beret; Joan Crawford has gloves the same color . . . Helen Hayes caught a skunk in a mouse trap, and oh dear! . . . Jack Oakie laughs about the Scotchman who ran home from the dentist to shave with an old blade before the feeling returned to his face . . . Vina Delmar, "Bad Girl" authoress (not bad girl authoress) is now a permanent Hollywood resident, having sold her New York home . . . Night tennis, on lighted courts, started by Frances Dee, has now become a fad in Hollywood . . . Sari Maritza wore trousers long before Marlene Dietrich took them up.

LIONS seem to be finding their way into these gossip columns with amazing regularity, but I suppose that cannot be helped, with half of Hollywood's current actor roll being made up of members of the animal kingdom.

At any rate, a scene was being filmed for "King of the Jungle," and the players were Buster Crabbe, Frances Dee, and a lion—a very mild lion, please believe. The script called for Crabbe to place his arms about the beast's neck, but just as he prepared to do so, the lights went out. Concentrated on his scene, Buster groped—and grabbed.

Then the lights flashed on and there was Buster with his arms about Miss Dee, while the lion stood nearby, frankly grinning. But Buster had the last grin!

(Continued on page 74)

The Truth about Cosmetics

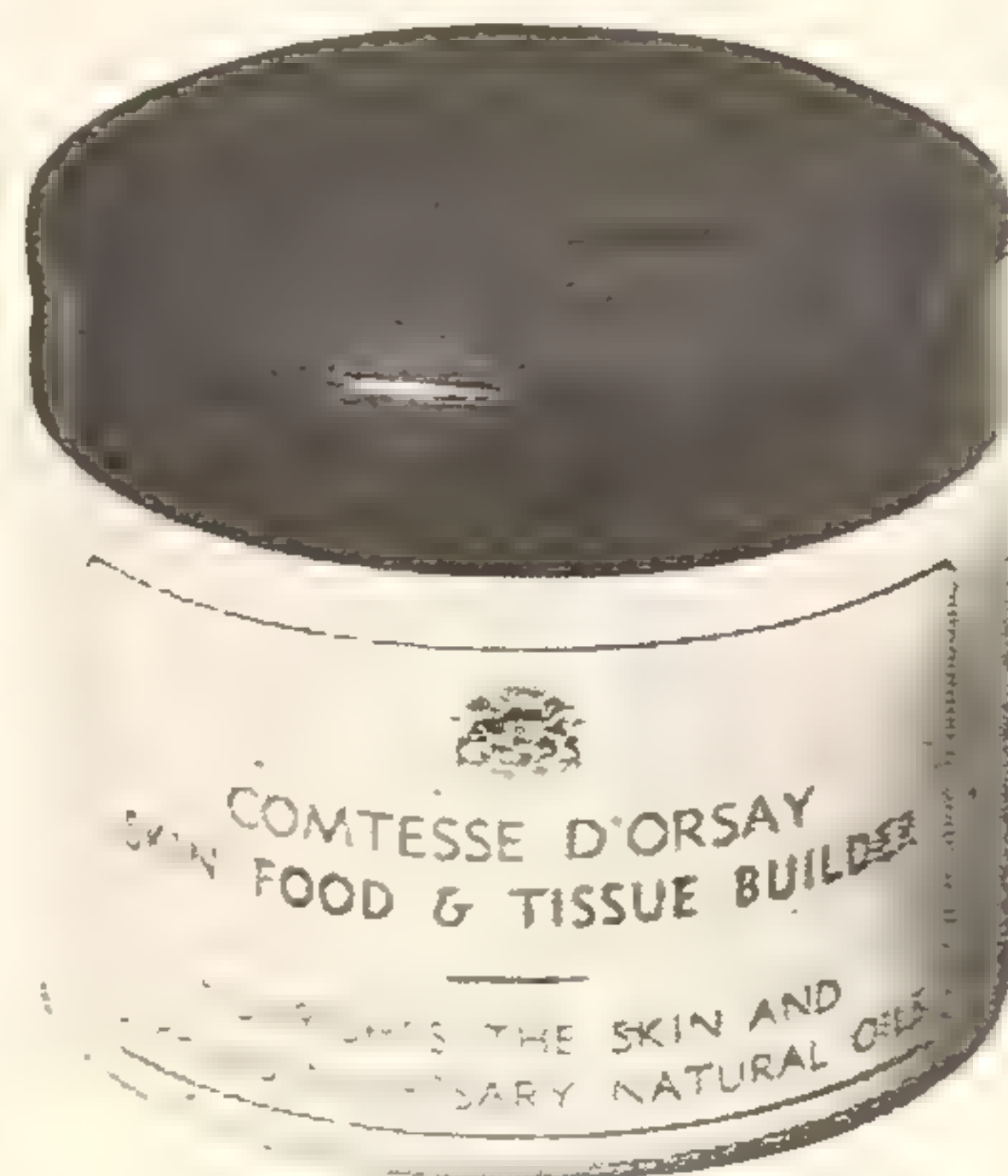
What's what in Beauty Fashions!

By Mary Lee



Sta-Rite's own wave set—colorless, odorless, and what a joy to use! Keeps your wave waving—and leaves no tiny flakes to tell the tale.

Here's a tissue-builder that puts natural oils right back into your pores where they belong. Countess D'Orsay Skin Food and Tissue Builder.



For toning up—a grand Countess D'Orsay creation that makes your skin really feel and look alive.

and well nourished—well, you couldn't face the world that way; you'd feel too naked for words. But on the other hand, neither could you apply all the grandest cosmetics in the world, luscious lip rouges, and powders and perfumes, over a neglected skin. For that's just trying to cover up something that'll show through anyhow.

So make a hard and fast rule for yourself that you won't put fresh powder on a shabby skin, that you won't touch perfume to drab, neglected hair, and that your nails must be manicured before they are tinted and polished. Then you'll not only look right from the outside, but you'll feel right from the inside. And whoever said that beauty comes from within—well, I'm all for 'em. It's the secret knowing that we're right, because we did everything we should to make us right, that wins!

So I'm going to be fair to both groups this month, and tell you a bit of news about each. How many of you know that D'Orsay, the company that's given us so many marvelous perfumes, also makes cleansing creams and lotions? There are three Countess D'Orsay cleansing creams, as a matter of fact—a liquefying cream for the normal skin, an "extra special" cream for dry skins, and a drier cream for oily skins. That's looking after our wants, isn't it? Then there's the Countess D'Orsay Skin Freshener. Also an especial astringent for large pores, and the Countess D'Orsay Skin Toning Lotion, and the Tissue Cream which is one of the best on the market. But wait a minute—I mustn't forget their Foundation Cream. It's grand; leaves your skin satin-smooth, and ready and waiting for powder and rouge.

Fashion may talk about the smart dullness of fabrics, of hosiery, of colors—we've even heard about the new dull powders—but don't let this fashion run away with you. There's one point certainly at which it stops. Hair—the exception that proves the rule on "dullness" in Fashion today. Only glossy hair is smart. It must shine and glow like gleaming embroidery silk. It must reflect that rich radiance that comes from healthy hair alone.

Margery Wilson has told you how to

achieve such hair loveliness in her article this month—and let me add a tip, too. If you've never tried Venida, maybe this will make you want to. It is a shampoo and oil treatment combined. Now, doesn't that sound intriguing? One preparation that not only cleanses your hair, and thoroughly, but gives it a rich oil lustre at the same time. Apply it to your hair as you would any other oil, when the hair is dry. Then add a little water, and behold, you have a nice foam. Massage it vigorously in and about your hair and scalp. Then a rinsing, and you're through. And after that, you'll be dipping your head around and about, trying to catch every light, just to show off the wonderful sheen it has.

And when it comes to setting your hair, there are several good lotions made specially for that purpose—whether it's a permanent wave you want to fix in place, or whether you just want to "finger in" a few soft waves. Look for an odorless one, so it won't fight with your favorite perfume for predominance. And be sure it won't show tiny flakes on your hair, as so many wave setting lotions do when they dry.

And here's good news for those of us who are "looking to our pocket books." And I mean it, both figuratively and literally. Vigny perfumes in purse-size bottles and at purse-wise prices! And that means Golliwogg, and Jamerose, Chick-Chick, and Guili-Guili, and all their other grand perfumes. And not just tiny corked bottles either; but each bottle with its own glass dropper, just like the more expensive bottles—a perfume for the girl who desires individuality.

You've probably all seen the new Vigny lipsticks by now—the one with the little shutter-opening at the top—the "open sesame" lipstick, I call it. And it does work like magic, too. You can hold it, open and apply this lipstick with one hand—and that means you don't have to put down your purse to free the other hand, or drop bundles or get into the usual lipstick-fix. And incidentally, the lipstick itself lives up to the container!

JUST as fashions are divided into two groups—the every-day necessities, and the frills and furbelows—so can we mentally group our cosmetics. First there are those hard-working creams and lotions that not only help to give us our skin and hair beauty, but help us to keep it. Then we have those other beauty aids which "touch up" and "finish off" the work of that first group—powders, rouges, lipsticks and perfumes—those final touches that lend their allurements, as we like it.

Now don't anybody ask me which is the most important—because there just isn't any answer to that question! One group is as important as the other, and the one without the other wouldn't be effective. Just couldn't be. Imagine giving yourself an hour-and-a-half home treatment—cleansing packs and plasters and what not, and massages and masks and manipulations galore—and then just leaving it at that. Even though your skin did tingle, and you knew it was spic-and-span clean

Here's Hollywood!

Continued from page 72

THE month's heart beats:

Peggy Hopkins Joyce is dividing her Hollywood time with Grant Withers and Jack Oakie. Will Peggy find a movie star husband?

Do the almost nightly co-appearances of Ginger Rogers and Lyle Talbot indicate the end of their respective romances with Mervyn LeRoy and Wynne Gibson?

Who said that Kate Smith-Randolph Scott romance is not serious? He sent her six dozen roses the other day.

Lilian Harvey, new foreign sensation, is being rushed grandly by Gary Cooper, Maurice Chevalier, and Ernst Lubitsch, the lucky girl.

Wedding bells are poised to ring for Geneva Mitchell and Lowell Sherman.

But Madge Evans says she will never marry in Hollywood, which means what to Tom Gallery?

Renewal of that perennial Marie Prevost-Buster Collier romance comes as good news.

Hollywood's youngest puppy love is on again: Rochelle Hudson and Tom Brown.

But that hovering wedding of Frances Dee and Gene Raymond has hit a snag, and Gene was last seen rushing Loretta Young.



So long, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg—have a nice vacation in Europe! Mrs. Thalberg wears the very last word in Spring attire.

SEVERAL Paramount actors were previewing "Hello, Everybody" in a studio projection room when a voice spoke out, "Kate Smith has a definite screen presence. I can't think who she reminds me of."

"I know," piped Harpo Marx. "She looks like Garbo, Dietrich, and Crawford—all in one body."

WHAT a time the director had in persuading Louise Closser Hale to mount a camel for scenes in "Man of the Nile." All because Miss Hale fell from a camel's back when she was traveling in Egypt about twenty-five years ago. She received injuries that nearly cost her her life.

A FUNNY story, late coming to light but too good to ignore, concerns eleven-year-old Jackie Searle.

It seems that during production of "The Miracle Man," the director experienced difficulty with little Robert Coogan. At last he went to the studio head and asked, "Why must I use Coogan? Let me have Jackie Searle."

"Searle?" shouted the producer. "Why, Jackie is established as a menace!"

ONE newspaper writer will not soon forget the interview he had with Katharine Hepburn at her studio. She was hard at work, so it was necessary that he talk to her between scenes.

No chairs were convenient, so Miss Hepburn sprawled at full length on the floor, pillowing her head on her clasped hands. The writer stood eyeing her awkwardly until she cried: "Don't stand there like a dunce! Use the floor!" With that he sprawled, too, and there they talked, while cameramen and technicians stepped over and around them.

Katharine is the most impulsive girl Hollywood has ever known. One day she went into the studio café for luncheon, and found all the waitresses busy. Instead of biding her time, Miss Hepburn raced into the kitchen, selected her own dishes and then carried them into the dining room, where she emptied them!

WHEN Benita Hume went to the hospital for an appendectomy, she was forced to give up a rôle she was anxious to play, so her final plea to her studio was that the part be saved until her recovery.

The first words Benita spoke following the operation were, "Save the part!" Hospital nurses, thinking she meant the removed appendix, carefully preserved that ex-offending organ in alcohol.

"Come a-swimmin'!" Poor Lona Andre was marooned when a heavy rainfall flooded the Paramount studio. And no Weissmuller to guide her!

WHAT a prolific author Eric Linden must be! A friend telephoned his home on a Tuesday and was told: "Eric left yesterday for San Francisco where he will familiarize himself with the locale for his new book. He will return Thursday." Why not stay over until Friday and write two books?

(Continued on page 76)



Here are Clara Bow and Rex Bell bound for Hollywood after a perfectly thrilling European holiday. The two youngsters with them are John and Lillian Bow, twin cousins of Clara, whom she may adopt legally.

Keystone

You can have the Charm men find irresistible —



JEAN HARLOW'S complexion care
will make your skin enticing!

IF you have seen Jean Harlow on the screen —and, of course, you *have* seen her—you have noticed what an alluring complexion she has. Smooth. Velvety soft. The kind of skin men find irresistible.

Do you realize that the right care can do wonders for *your* complexion?

No feature is so easy to improve as your skin. The whole secret is the right care — followed *regularly*. Jean Harlow, like most of the lovely Hollywood stars, has discovered that secret. Listen to her own words:—

"The great actresses of the stage and screen take exquisite care of their skin," she says — "and I have found *their secret*—regular care with Lux Toilet Soap."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Because of this overwhelming preference it has been made the official soap in all the big film studios.

Why not begin now to use this fine, fragrant, white soap for *your* skin? Why not start to make your skin smooth, vividly lovely — learn a lesson from the movie stars?

Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today!

The Beauty Soap of the Stars
LUX Toilet Soap



Una Merkel has an identification tag attached to a chain ornament on her purse which bears a tiny picture of Una and her name and address.

(Continued from page 74)

WALLACE BEERY lost ten pounds from worry when his wife and his adorable adopted daughter, Carol Ann, were snowbound in the family's mountain cabin.

Wally was able to get to Hollywood in his airplane, but he refuses to permit Carol Ann flying privileges. So each morning Wally flew to work, and each night he flew back to the mountains, until at last the snows cleared and he was able to motor his brood to Hollywood and safety.



Jackie goes a-strolling. The cocky Cooper kid takes himself for a walk about the home set while waiting for the camera to get set for his next scene.

RATHER sudden, Marian Nixon's divorce suit filed against her husband, Edward Hillman, millionaire Chicagoan. A friend telephoned the house for Marian one afternoon, and Eddie answered the call.

"She's not at home now," he said. "Ring her around seven; she'll be home for dinner."

At that very moment Miss Nixon, unbeknownst to Hillman, was in her attorney's office filing divorce papers and seeking an injunction to make him leave their Beverly Hills home.



Is Spanky calling the Hal Roach studio to tell them he can't appear for work because there's a big baseball game on?

HELEN TWELVETREES was that angry, she was waving her limbs, threatening to *bough* out of pictures, and vowing she'd pack her *trunk* and take *leaf* of Hollywood!

It began when a studio press agent suggested that it would be grand publicity if Helen would permit her baby to appear with her in Maurice Chevalier's "A Bed-time Story." She emphatically vetoed the idea, therefore imagine her surprise to read in next day's newspapers that she had sought to get her child into the picture.

Helen was the more infuriated because the studio had widely publicized that the baby given the rôle would be taken from an orphanage and would be given a sizable trust fund, and she felt that public reaction to the idea of trying to give the part to her own child would be critical.

FOLLOWING their divorce and the harsh charges hurled by both, director King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman have about-faced and are being seen together . . . Two detectives accompany Peggy Hopkins Joyce at all times (to guard her jewels, silly; not to protect her from men) . . . For a full week, Jack Oakie left the studio by a truck gate to avoid an insurance salesman . . . They're paraphrasing that Rudy Vallee signature song to "I Owe Everybody, I Owe" . . . Frank Morgan's wife gave a party to which all women guests were invited with the understanding that they wear men's trousers . . . The house of famous names is the home of the Young clan—Loretta, Sally Blane, and Polly Ann Young . . . Following his divorce from Lola Lane, Lew Ayres has gone into practical retirement, as far as Hollywood night life is concerned . . . Nancy Carroll kicked up quite a fuss when an artist sketched her picture without her knowledge . . . Elissa Landi is an actress because she went on the stage to secure first-hand knowledge of how to write plays.

CHARLES RUGGLES and Frances Dee were discussing nervous breakdowns, so prevalent in the movies. "The first symptom," said Miss Dee, "is loss of memory; forgetting what you intended to say right in the middle of saying it."

"What?" moaned Ruggles. "Then I've had a nervous breakdown for years!"

UNLESS I tell you, you may never guess the proudest accomplishment of Europe's newest star contribution to our screen, Lil-(only one "l")-ian Harvey. So I'll tell you.

She dotes on walking the slack wire. She had to learn the trick for a German picture, and she became so fascinated that she has practiced until she is now an excellent slack-wire artist. She gave several exhibitions of her talent before friends, but in the midst of a performance, in walked the chief executive of her studio. "That's dangerous," he cried. "You might fall and break your neck, and think what that would mean if you were in the midst of a picture."

Now Lilian is permitted to walk the wire—but with the proviso that it must be suspended not more than one foot from the floor or ground.



Wide World

Helen Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur, are bound for New York, where Helen may do a stage play.

NOTHING is more loyal or touching than the loyalty of fans for adored stars. This was never more soundly proven than when Claudette Colbert went East on her recent New York visit.

A boy approached her in a Chicago depot and begged an autograph. He looked weary, and he explained, when Miss Colbert asked, that he had walked fifteen miles to see her.

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And Who are Maud and Cousin Bill, Pray?

Continued from page 64

Of this she says, "I have intelligent youngsters to work with and I treat them as such." She uses stage technique in directing these radio programs, and even calls the final rehearsal a "dress rehearsal." She was amazed to find how calmly radio artists take their work. No rehearsals for some of them—they just run over the script once and then go on the air. She is used to the strict rules of the theatre and conducts her program along those lines.

Winifred Lenihan has a very forceful personality, keen blue eyes, and infinite energy bundled into her five feet nothing stature. Little twelve-year-old *Bill* is almost as tall as his directress. I sat and watched Miss Lenihan work for three hours and was absorbed right up to the last minute. Her personality dominates the entire program—no detail is too small for her absolute attention. She's a tireless worker, and her Tarkington programs reflect the intelligent treatment she lavishes on them.

She has loads of patience. While she was trying to work out some realistic sound effects, which required silence in the studio, little Vivian (that's *Cousin Maud's* real name) suddenly got a notion to bang on the piano. Miss Lenihan looked up and said, "Vivi, I'm trying to get this sound perfected, and we'll be going on the air shortly, be a good kid and keep quiet for a few minutes." Right on the heels of that, *Bill* decided to do a solo marathon around the studio, upsetting chairs on his rounds. She looked up at him and was going to reproach him. But *Bill* pulled a fast one—he looked at her, grinned and said, "Okay, Winnie!" Miss Lenihan burst out laughing. She's very fond of her young actors.

She goes over the scripts again and again, adding words here and there to quicken the pace. She makes the children understand thoroughly every word and situation before ending rehearsals. As for instance, Vivian had to talk about a grand chocolate sundae with "Chocolate syrup, whipped cream and nuts!" Miss Lenihan said, "Vivi, form a picture of that sundae in your mind—remember you want it so very, very badly—and let each word come out slowly and with plenty of emphasis." Or to *Bill*, "You have four comedy lines in that paragraph, and you're not making the most of them. If you think you can put them over by taking out a word here and there—then, let's do it!"

As you know, they broadcast three times a week—every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Miss Lenihan always uses real props in her sketches. When the scene calls for dogs or bottles or baskets, you can be sure that those things will be on hand.

Vivian and *Bill* get a lot of fun out of their Booth Tarkington sketches. I think they secretly feel that they are *Maud* and *Bill*. And you can thank Miss Lenihan for this—she enjoys directing Tarkington's kid stories and keeps everyone enthusiastic.

The youngsters call her Winnie—no formality here. *Bill* is an old friend of yours—he's been on the air for almost seven years. His full name is Andy Donnelly and he has appeared on such programs as "The Goldbergs" and "The Country Doctor." For eight months he was the radio "Skipper." *Maud* is Vivian Block, and you heard her on "The Lady Next Door" program.

And now it's time for them to go on the air—are you listening?

A SKINNY FELLOW HASN'T A CHANCE. I WISH I COULD GAIN SOME FLESH

YOU CAN—EASILY. I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO GAIN POUNDS QUICKLY. LISTEN—

Posed by professional models

Skinny! New way adds pounds quicker than BEER

Astonishing gains with sensational double tonic. Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

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The Goddess Diana of England

Continued from page 53



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last, the daughter of an English business man who later joined the Royal Army Service Corps.

Studio biographers report that "she had a normal, carefree childhood," but—well, please listen!

Rather than normal, at least four years of her youth were filled with terror. When she was eight years of age, the World War began, and it did not cease until she was past twelve. While her father was at the front, she lived with her sister and mother, near the Woolwich Arsenal, which was a constant target for enemy raiding planes. The dull, incessant booming of cannon across the channel was often interrupted by the nearer roar of exploding bombs, dropped by German fliers in mad efforts to dynamite the arsenal. Had success attended these enemy attempts, the blowing up of that arsenal would have erased thousands of lives, Diana's perhaps among them.

Naturally, children were not permitted to stray far from their homes. Play was rare, food was scarce, and sweets were almost none. Quiet was so infrequent that even when the volcanic booming did cease momentarily, the silence was more terrible than the noise.

Death stalked constantly with Diana's thin shadow—and if *that* was a "normal, carefree childhood," then her biographers are correct and I am in error.

After the Armistice—and when human ears had adjusted themselves so they could hear *despite the silence*—she was sent to private school to study for a career, a career as a teacher of domestic science. Perhaps that early training is responsible for the fact that today she more resembles a capable housewife than a distinguished actress.

"A school play was responsible for my switch in ambitions," Miss Wynyard says, "but I finished my domestic science course before I undertook the study of stage technique under private tutors. Not until I was nineteen did my parents permit my first public stage appearance at the Globe Theatre in London."

From that moment until she faced motion picture cameras for "Rasputin" her heart and soul were dedicated to the stage. But professional love, like Hollywood marital affections, is subject to change without notice, and Diana is now as devoted to the screen as she once was to the stage.

About her physical appearance, Miss Wynyard is extremely modest. "I was never interested in motion pictures because English producers told me I did not photograph well," she says. "In America the producers apparently think differently, but I have seen myself in several pictures and I am inclined to agree with my English advisers."

"When I saw my first rushes, I wondered if so bad an actress could possibly succeed. The same reaction, I learned subsequently, occurs to most stage players who see themselves on the screen for the first time."

If you would like a few personal details, let me tell you that Diana of England is five feet and six inches tall—taller than Garbo—and she has golden brown, bobbed hair. She is not pretty; *handsome* better describes her.

She rides horseback English saddle—(there is patriotism for you!)—and she swims, but otherwise she is not athletic. She reads, Diana says, almost everything except this country's so-called "humor" magazines, which she thinks are most unfunny. She declares that the prime dif-

ference between American and English humor is that people of the United States like risqué stories, which Britishers do not as a rule relish.

She likes physically big men, probably because she, herself, is statuesque—certainly there can be little romance between a tall woman and a man she must stoop to kiss. With the usual reticence of her nationality, she refuses to indulge in the common American practice of "designating favorite masculine stars." Her studio publicity department vainly sought to have her go into public ecstasies over Clark Gable, but she fooled the boys and raved about Jimmie Durante.




This, according to Sari Maritza, is the ideal way to demonstrate the title of the next picture she'll appear in. The name of the picture? "A Lady's Profession!"

A few months ago, newspapers screamed the unusual news that Katharine Hepburn, making her screen debut in a motion picture with John Barrymore, refused to be awed by that great star's presence. Interviewers and writers manufactured bannerlines to describe her poise in scenes with the Barrymore, who usually frightens newcomers silly.

If Miss Hepburn deserved praise, Miss Wynyard should be thrice applauded, for her debut in "Rasputin" was made with the *three* Barrymores, and she regarded them with utter complacency. Not once did she display the slightest nervousness in the company of Lionel, Ethel and John, and Hollywood greatly enjoyed her unruffled calm amidst the continual Barrymore storms.

Perhaps this very lack of awe is greatly responsible for her progress to practical stardom in so brief a period on the screen. Certainly the producers, accustomed to nervous fear on the part of movie newcomers, have exhibited respect for this slight woman who refuses to be frightened by either great opportunities or great stars.

And that, I believe, may account for the fact that Diana Wynyard, with little of Garbo's mystery or Marlene's witchery, has already achieved pinnacles that other talented actresses have striven for years to reach.



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"Cynic" in Love

Continued from page 51

a result became fascinated with the promotion end of the game calling for busted beaks and cauliflower ears. And without giving the matter a second thought, he rode off the ranch and eventually talked a pug into paying him a salary as manager. For a while it looked as though our hero would develop into another Tex Rickard, and might have, had he not disagreed with his boss—a disagreement which ended by Bruce, the cool-headed cynic, knocking the pug out cold, thereby necessitating his immediate evacuation from the training camp.

"So then I caught myself a job swinging a sledge hammer," Cabot continued, off-handedly, as I backed across the room, "with the State Highway Commission. After I had been doing this sort of thing for a month or so, father put his foot down. For some reason or other he didn't think I was getting anywhere; so he shipped me off to the Sewanee Military Academy. I went there until I suddenly switched to the University of the South and back to the State Highway Commission again."

This time Bruce remained with them for six weeks before taking a surveying job with the Houston Port Commission. At this point he began reading Conrad, and as a result acquired a terrific yen for the sea. It was while working his way to France on a tramp steamer that he smacked a sailor in the nose and came within an inch of being thrown overboard; an incident topped only by his practically wrecking a hotel in Brittany because the management objected to the way his pal recited Shakespeare. His bill for damages added up to five-thousand francs—just a couple of examples of how Bruce practices his code of "never making a move until you've given the matter plenty of cold, calculating thought."

Upon returning to New York with three cents in his pocket, he decided to become an oil tycoon, an idea conceived when he discovered his father was drilling a well in Artesia, New Mexico. Unfortunately our hero's oil career was nipped in the bud when he fell violently in love with a Chicago gal who happened to be visiting near the well. And after giving the matter his usual thirty seconds of thought he followed her back to Chicago where she finally consented to be his wife—at a wedding which the newspapers hailed as being "of nearly international importance," which is a pretty swell wedding, indeed! Even for Chicago. And suddenly deciding to become another Jesse Livermore, Bruce began flirting with the market. So he took the fifty-thousand—that happened to be all his father had given him for a wedding present—and dropped it on the Chicago Exchange—an incident which precipitated a marital argument after which Bruce drove alone to French Lick Springs in order quietly to consider this funny thing called life.

Unable to stand the separation he wrote a long letter to his wife, apologizing profusely and taking the blame for the quarrel. His answer was a nice big bunch of divorce papers. "A few months later," Bruce now tells one, "when I returned to Chicago, her attorney said that if I'd even wired that I was sorry, my wife would have forgiven me. 'But I wrote her instead!' I told him. 'A twenty page letter—and didn't get an answer!' And he claimed she hadn't received it. That night upon looking through my trunk I discovered the letter—signed, sealed and ready to be mailed. Wasn't that a swell break for the Old Master to get?"

Whereupon this fellow-who-disdains-sen-

timentalism went to New York in a futile attempt to forget. "I tried hard," he says as he paces and paces, "but I just couldn't get her out of my mind. She was divinely wonderful! And such eyes!" It must have been a month before he met Marilyn Miller. And what a flaming, brooding ten days followed! Mr. Brucie-Woocie's heart pounded like the bearings of a worn-out Ford. "I was nuts about Marilyn," he told me, as he kicked over a chair. "I couldn't sleep. I couldn't even eat! I



Loretta Young introduces Muggsy, her pup, to the cameras. Muggsy's ambition, according to lovely Loretta, is to be a kid star in animal pictures!

shouldn't have let her know I cared, but I couldn't help myself. And she gave me ice. So I decided to be cool and sensible about it." And his idea of being cool and sensible was to haunt the theatre at which she played, and to bury her in roses—until he met Frances Williams. Much the same thing occurred. Finally it got to a point where he-who-knows-about-women went off his diet completely and had to go west for his health.

"Yeh," said Bruce, "no woman's going to make a monkey out of me. So I went out to Hollywood where I figured I could turn some real estate into gold." On arriving in Hollywood, however, he changed his mind and took a screen test by means of a letter given him. "The test wasn't worth a damn," he continued, "so realizing that a movie career wouldn't satisfy me, I became a promoter." Whereupon he promoted night clubs and cafés, sold cars, sold real estate, rented houses and handled personal accounts, and did just about everything but sell the new City Hall, which, incidentally, wasn't built at the time. But don't forget he knew what he wanted! During this period he made himself bitter enemies, and fast friends, and fell in love regularly once a month.

His first romantic endeavor took the lush form of Estelle Taylor—this romance going swish some three weeks later when

it came to light that Estelle's marital relations with Jack Dempsey were a bit undecided.

After getting back on his food again, Bruce went to a dinner party where he met David Selznick who gave him the already famous screen tests. And Bruce became an actor. "Just what I've always wanted to be," he told me without cracking a smile. "Yeah," he added, "if a man just knows what he wants and sticks to it, he can't miss!"

Then, in quick succession he flamed the town's most noted beauties. Each time he fell like a log, and each time he went off his diet. First there was Gwili Andre, whom Bruce rushed up to on the set one day and inquired intensely: "When do we have dinner together?" Whereupon Gwili replied in that cool soft way of hers: "Were we going to have dinner together?" Which was Bruce's shortest romance.

However, it wasn't long before he started trotting with Sandra Shaw, cousin to Dolores Del Rio, and Lupe Velez with whom he bonfired for nearly a week. Then came Claire Windsor, followed by the charming Patsy Janss, daughter of the real estate tycoon. Regrettably enough this latter conflagration fizzled the morning Mr. Janss read in the paper that his daughter was "cooing" with one Bruce Cabot, R.K.O. featured player. "Cooing, eh!" he snorted at his astonished daughter. "And right under my nose, too!" And although Patsy tried to impress upon him that "cooing" meant nothing but dancing and dining together, things remain a touch cool on the Janss front porch. By that time, however, Bruce had gone head-over-cinders for Laurie Lisk, Doheny's niece, and furthermore that young debutante, Betty Edwards, had come into his life—into the life of this lad who advocates handling your women rough! Of the lad who never makes a move without giving the problem "plenty of cold calculating thought." The lad who considers sentimentalism and romanticism traits to be abhorred. The lad who says that if one is to get on in the world he must be hard-hearted and cold-blooded and think of himself first, last and always—and who illustrated his point by swimming a mile off shore in a heavy sea to save a prop-boy from drowning.

"Yeah," I hear him drawling, "never fall for a dame, pal. I can tell you it just doesn't pay." And it was while listening to him on that day that a great light descended upon me and I tingled as I invariably tingle when giving birth to a sterling idea. "Listen, fellow," I said. "I've just thought of an angle for a yarn on you. I'll pretend that you're not overly sentimental and a wildly impulsive guy. In fact I'll pretend you're somewhat cynical—" Whereupon Bruce stopped his pacing abruptly.

"Pretend!" he yowled. "Say, listen, you! I'm the most cynical guy in Hollywood, and don't you ever forget it! You don't catch me falling for any dames. No sir! Not the Old Master! By the way, pal," he mumbled after a moment of thought, "do you know Loretta Young? I happened to lunch with her out at Fox the other day, and is she swell!" And after losing himself completely, he added: "I tell you she's the most feminine gal in town. I wonder if she'd like to go to the Grove?" And upon suddenly regaining consciousness he gave me as wicked a glare as I've ever received, and stomped out of the room and slammed the door. And for the past ten days he's been dancing every night with Loretta's sister, Sally Blane. "Yeah," says Bruce, "Sally puts Cleopatra in the class of a walking futility!" Thus endeth the saga of Hollywood's awful cynic—of the guy who invariably knows what he wants!



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The Latest about Queen Jeanette

Continued from page 28

see Jeanette. Lilian Harvey has cabled, and Buddy Rogers, and many, many others. Apparently the star's popularity is world-wide. But I do not believe that New York, or even Hollywood, could be more enthusiastic than Paris. At the premiere of Rene Clair's new picture, "July Fourteenth," her entrance put all that assemblage of notables into temporary eclipse. At the "Theatre du Palais D'Hiver Pau"—the Pau Municipal Casino—the enthusiasts stormed the doors when the sale of seats was suspended. And when she sang for the *Gueules Cassées*, the war veterans wounded facially on the Republic's battlefields, there was another triumph.

But there is clamor in the corridor—the door opens—ushers carry great baskets of flowers—the applause echoes from the stage—the chatter in French and English comes closer—and now—enter Mademoiselle!

She is charming! The excitement, the enthusiasm, has heightened her color, and put additional sparkle in her brilliant blue eyes. Her gown glitters with shimmering sequins. She waves away all the retinue but the secretary—and we three are alone.

"I am here for the 'SCREENLAND Magazine,'" I explain.

"Ah, bon! Tres heureuse, Monsieur! Venez donc," and the interview is begun. But it is not a simple process, for Jeanette bubbles in French with such vivacity that my questions tremble unspoken. Her French is good—not perfect—but more fascinating for its imperfections. Ice is melted, for instance, when she confuses *escargot*, which means snails, with *argot*, which means slang.

"But all the errors are not mine," she explains, "one lady remarked that I seemed too gay to be the daughter of the British Prime Minister! He was the only MacDonald she knew! But I enjoy their mistakes and mine, too. I am having such a wonderful experience. They have been very kind to me on the Riviera, in St. Moritz, London, and now in Paris.

"My plans? Well, after breaking records at the Rex they want me to stay an extra week. After that—Italy, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Spain—who knows? I want to make a great tour and see all that is to be seen. At least all there is time for. I have my first British picture to make at the Elstree Studios for United Artists. And that must be in production before the Spring is too far advanced. Herbert Marshall will appear with me, and there will be an American director. Just which one I do not know, but Mr. Marshall and I would be happy working with William K. Howard, Mervyn LeRoy, George Cukor, or Harry D'Arrast—and there are yet others.

"The first picture under the new agreement with the 'MacDonald Unit' is tentatively titled 'The Queen,' but that may be changed. We thought of 'Bitter Sweet,' and there was an Austrian story that we liked. But 'The Queen' will make a good beginning for various reasons. Yes, it will be a musical, and I shall sing in four languages, English, German, French, and Italian. Samson Raphaelson is working on the story now, and we have Merrill White, Lubitsch's assistant, with us.

"Naturally, nothing would please me more than to have my good friend Ernst lend his genius to the picture, but it seems that there are pictures to be made under his present contract. After that—I think that Mr. Lubitsch agrees with me that it makes no difference where pictures are produced provided there is story, director, and players. The proper organization

can make good films in Elstree or Joinville, or Tiflitz, or Berlin as well as in Hollywood."

This is all very interesting, but I inquired from Jeanette into the more personal side of her activities. That engagement, for example. And the brave Bob Ritchie. And the forlorn Mr. Chevalier, who had called me "silly" over the trans-Atlantic telephone when I had asked him of a betrothal to Mam'selle. Finally I muster courage.

"I cannot understand how that rumor persists," she says, "both Maurice and I have denied it so often. And Mr. Ritchie, my fiance, would seem a living, breathing refutation."

"But," I persist, "is it not so that you were to stop at the Chevalier chateau in the South of France?"

"Both are true, but flowers do not mean an *engagement*; and while we called on Maurice's brother and sister-in-law, time did not permit acceptance of their charming hospitality as long as we could have wished. I explained to Mr. Chevalier, and I am sure he understands."

"Well, then, when will you become Madame Robert Ritchie?"

"Tomorrow, maybe," Jeanette replied, and then seeing my excitement at a "scoop," she laughed and added, "maybe—but very probably not! One day—but now there is no thought of anything but my work. It is my belief that one can't do two things at once and do either well. It is not that I wish to be an old-fashioned wife. I have no idea of washing dishes and having ten children, but I want time to devote to my husband, leisure to help him. I am very much in love, and have been for two years. We would like to get married tonight, but I do not think it is the thing to do. Careers and marriages don't merge—not motion picture careers and motion picture marriages, at any rate. When the time comes—*bien!* Until then we shall be patient, and ask our friends to be likewise."

I do not know what type character Jeanette is to portray in "The Queen." Perhaps, and would not the title indicate it, she again will play one of the regal rôles so well suited to her. But, nevertheless, she confided to me that she would like to be a poor girl for once—on the screen anyway. A beggar maid, to be exact. And my protests against such unnecessary hardship met with the response:

"I have been rich so often—in pictures, of course—that it is becoming monotonous. Moreover, I prefer to be closer to the lives of the majority in the rôles I play, and in these days, at least, poverty is more realistic than wealth. Yes, I should like to portray a very poor girl, very much in love. A deep, enduring, suffering love. It would be different from anything I have done. But I know that I could do it."

I recall that Chevalier once said something of the same sort when he anticipated abandoning the gaudy uniforms of guardsmen to play a chimney-sweep. So perhaps Jeanette's remark mirrors the story she has in mind. Perhaps "The Queen" will introduce her more as a queen of, let us say, the flower girls, monarch of some such lowly court, rather than the ermine and purple to which both she and her audiences are accustomed.

Meantime it is definite that Jeanette will make one picture in May and another in October. Her present engagements in the theatre will occupy her time until the Spring production. Between then and Autumn she may return briefly to America and Hollywood to make a picture there that may well be a new version of "The

Merry Widow." It is possible that director Lubitsch will have fulfilled his obligations by then, in which event he will be free to direct Jeanette in a bright adaptation of the ever-popular operetta, with additional new music by Franz Lehar.

The star's present regimen is a sane balance of work, rest and pleasure. In the morning there is time for a horse-back canter, or even a secret ride through the Bois on a bicycle, such as Jeanette pedalled on the Riviera. Then there is breakfast, and personal attention to the mail arriving daily from admirers. The remainder of the morning is given over to business matters, then luncheon comes as something of a reception to which invitations are in great demand. The theatre occupies her until late in the evening, after that there are a few hours for supper and amusement.

An amusing incident occurred recently when Jeanette was dining at a popular resort and was told that she had won a prize for her gown in a fashion contest which was being held by a Parisian fashion paper.

Although she assured the judges that she had not known herself to be a contestant, the prize was hers nonetheless, and it entitles her to a new gown created by a Parisian couturiere. Oddly enough, the dress that received this honor was not the model of a fashionable establishment, but was the product of a collaboration between maid and mistress—between Jeanette and her personal attendant!

Another humorous incident which will now find its way from the Boulevard gossips to those of Hollywood, concerns a local journalist possessing greater enthusiasm than discretion. Through his paper he circulated the report that the star was in search of a husband. Needless to say, the post was loaded with applications for this desirable position, and each applicant submitted his qualifications and his portrait. It is said that the results were sufficient to bring a smile to the face of the Sphinx. But I am quite certain that it also increased the circulation of the paper—and that was the main idea!

More about Herbert Marshall

Continued from page 29

sighed. "I saw him in 'Trouble in Paradise' and he was gr-r-and!"

Walking across town, I met a personal friend. I told her of my errand. "I don't suppose you could take me with you?" she asked hopefully. "I'd rather meet him than any actor on the stage or screen. He's simply divine!"

After eluding her, I decided to take a taxi the rest of the way. As we halted for traffic, I called to the burly driver. "Hurry as fast as you can. I have a date with Herbert Marshall and don't want to be late," I told him.

"Oh, him," he eyed me suspiciously. "My wife's crazy about that guy in pictures. I don't think he's so bad myself," he added grudgingly.

So, you can see that I was all set to be completely dazzled by the correct and punctilious Mr. Marshall when I arrived at the Paramount offices to keep my appointment with him.

Instead, the door opened to admit a pleasant-faced, rather average-looking gentleman with the Briton's typical florid complexion. About five feet ten or eleven inches in height and sturdily built, there was nothing of the rangy litherness of a Gary Cooper or hearty huskiness of a Clark Gable about him.

He was wearing a gray "pepper-and-salt" suit of unmistakably English cut, and his eyes looked as if he had not been awake over-long. As indeed he hadn't, for he refused a cigarette with the murmured explanation that he "never smoked before breakfast."

He sat down, then, and faced me for a quiet chat. And it was then that he gave a new meaning to that word—Charm. And to other words, too, such as Character and Fearlessness and a Sense of Humor.

"Even now, after too many years to number, it still seems strange to be interviewed—to be an actor," he began, in his well-modulated voice, his words short-clipped and spoken so low that I had to strain to catch them. "You see, I never intended to go on the stage. It just happened to me—in the blood, I suppose."

Herbert Marshall was born in London, the son of Ethel and Percy F. Marshall, the latter an actor. There was no boyhood of living in trunks for Herbert, though, as his parents sent him away to school as soon as he was old enough to leave their care.

When he became a husky lad he spent

his vacations touring the provinces with his father, which experience caused him to adopt the usual filial attitude of deciding upon any career other than that of his fond parent.

As a result, when he graduated from St. Mary's College at Harlow, England, Herbert entered a firm of chartered accountants in London, as an articled clerk.

"Not that I really aspired to become a financial wizard," Marshall admitted. "But I was eighteen and wanted to earn my own living. That seemed as good a way as any."

But his employers decided differently. He had not been with them long when he received his notice of dismissal.

"There was a general shut-down and in deciding who could be dispensed with, I'm sure they said, 'There's Marshall' immediately—then took long hours to deliberate on the other heads to be chopped!"

So Herbert returned to the parental roof to decide upon his next step. At the time, his father was absent on one of his tours so his young son had the pleasure of intercepting a postal card addressed to the elder Marshall. Which card was to alter the entire tenor of his life.

It was from Robert Courtneidge, (Mr. Marshall wrote it down for me with his own hand, having the necessary paper and pencil which your interviewer lacked), and said to Marshall pere: "I am managing a stock company which is touring the provinces and need a young assistant and handy man. Why don't you send your young son to me?"

Herbert responded in person and thus was launched upon the career which was to bring him fame and popularity upon both stage and screen. As well as a lovely wife in the person of Edna Best—but more about that later.

"Among my duties were those of book-keeper and accountant, (my commercial experience proving of some value after all), assistant company manager, stage director—and actor of small parts.

"I was earning the munificent sum of two pounds—about ten dollars—a week, and expenses. In those days that was considered a good salary so I was expected to save the company money by taking any small rôles that would otherwise have been filled by a local lad hired in whatever town we were appearing."

After making his stage début in a minor



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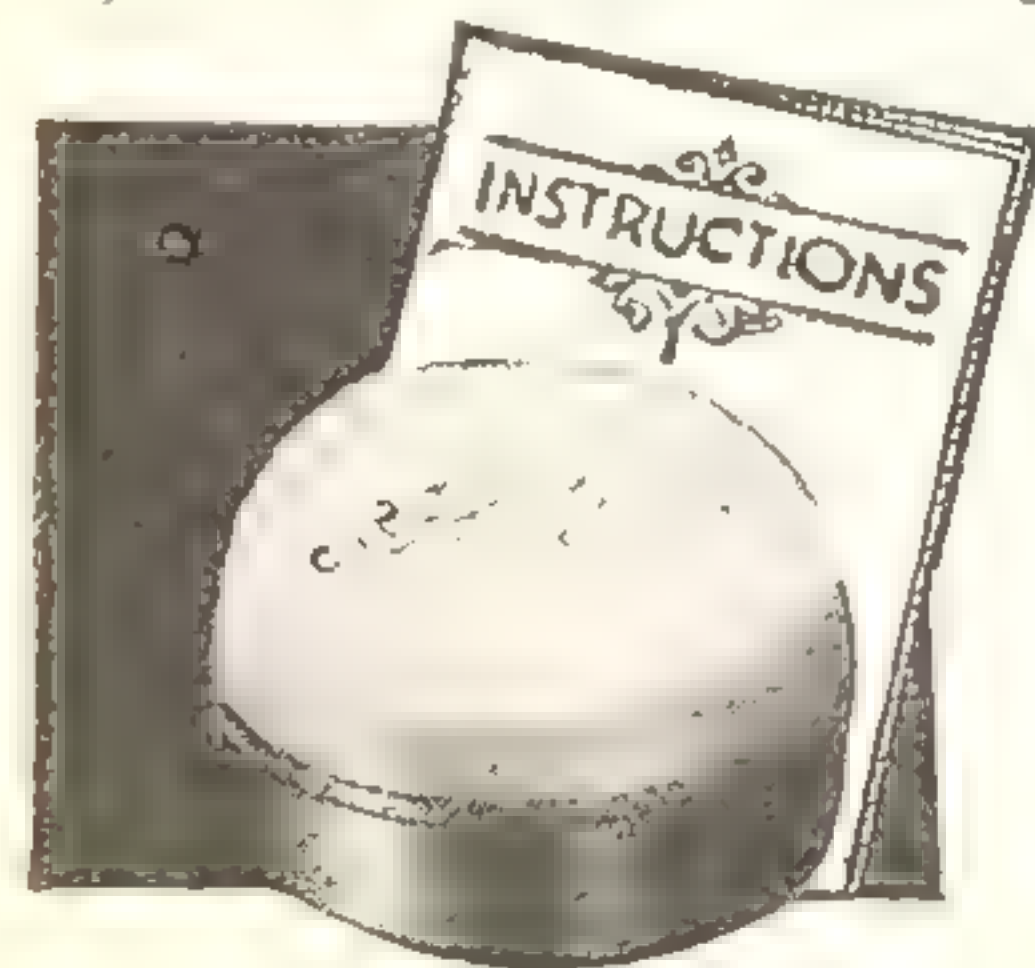
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rôle in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" in Buxton, England, Marshall soon graduated to rôles of greater importance. Two years of touring and he won a part in the London production of "Brewster's Millions," which was followed by an American tour with Cyril Maude.

"All of these things just seemed to happen to me," Marshall explained. "I never stood at managers' doors hunting for work. I didn't really 'go after' a single break I have had. It has always seemed that they have come to me.

"Sometimes I stop and wonder how I could have been so lucky—and I can even see how unjust it is that so many successful things have happened to one who has not striven for them while there are so many persons who work so hard and struggle so heartbreakingly—only to meet with failure. And a great number of times, the failure is a result of their *not being given a chance* to show what they can do!"

Shortly after his American tour, the war interrupted the histrionic flight of the Marshall meteor and Herbert enlisted in the British Military Service. He served his country with distinction for the duration of the war and was severely wounded in action. As a result of which casualty he limps slightly today.

After the Armistice, Marshall joined a stock company in London and for the next three years played a variety of rôles in that city.

Followed several seasons of alternating between London and New York and it was during this period that he met the lady who was later to become his wife.

"Edna was appearing on the stage in London and we met at a party one evening. But we paid very little attention to each other at first.

"I came to America for a season or two and when I returned to London, scarcely remembered the charming girl I had met.

"However, our paths crossed again and we drifted into a splendid friendship," Mr. Marshall explained with true British conservatism.

It was in America, though, that Cupid got in his best darts. Mr. Marshall and Miss Best, appearing on Broadway in "The High Road," took a day off and were married.

"We've been married five years," he said. "During which we've spent most of our on-stage hours together as well as our off-stage ones.

"In this country, we find it possible to appear in plays individually. But in London, the public will have none of one of us unless the other is present, too.

"For a good while now, over there, the names of Edna Best and Herbert Marshall have been associated and that is the way the public expects them to remain.

"In fact, we dare not appear in rôles which require us to quarrel with each other. I suppose that is because a happy marriage is the ideal deep within everyone's heart.

"Our friends in London have come to believe in the happiness and permanence of our marriage—and they don't wish to look upon it in any other light, even for make-believe purposes. We have just finished appearing in the stage production 'Another Language.' And it was not so successful over there because our rôles caused Edna and me to argue violently most of the time."

It was while Marshall was appearing in London in "Paris Bound" that Paramount signed him to play opposite the late Jeanne Eagels in "The Letter," which was his first experience before the microphone.

Followed his stage appearance in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" on Broadway, after which he made the picture "Secrets of a Secretary," with Claudette Colbert.

Upon completion of that film, Mr. Mar-

shall and Miss Best (who had just startled a mercenary motion world by turning down a lucrative M-G-M contract to appear opposite John Gilbert in order to remain in the East with Mr. Marshall) appeared on Broadway in "There's Always Juliet." It was during that time that Josef Von Sternberg saw him and signed him for the lead opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Blonde Venus."

It was in discussing his work in that picture that Mr. Marshall's courage became evident. For absolute frankness—when uncomplimentary—is one of the rarest phenomena in Hollywood.

"I was very unhappy while working in 'Blonde Venus,'" Mr. Marshall admitted. "Mr. Von Sternberg and I did not get along. I could not understand his method of working and evidently he could not understand mine.

"It was only by keeping a firm grip on my self-control—by reiterating to myself that it really wasn't so important whether or not I liked working with Von Sternberg—that I was able to go on. By reminding myself that no matter how unpleasant were conditions, they could not last forever."

Mr. Marshall seemed all unconscious of the fact that he was talking as no Hollywood actor has ever dared to speak of a director. He had no manner of saying anything startling—he was simply expressing his honest opinion. And it never occurred to him to doubt his right to freedom of speech. As I warned you, it was refreshing.

He was just as forthright in discussing the maestro, Lubitsch, who directed his next picture, "Trouble in Paradise."

"As a general rule, an actor's greatest worry is not before he is assigned a rôle, but afterward. For upon his work, his whole future depends. And his work is definitely dependent upon the direction.

"When a player is cast in a Lubitsch picture his worries are over. He can be completely assured that he will be perfectly directed and that Lubitsch will bring out in him a better performance than he ever suspected himself capable of giving.

"There is not one thing—not one detail—about acting, that Lubitsch does not know. He never wastes words, but in his soft rather guttural voice explains quietly just what he wants you to do. And he is always right.

"It is a pleasure and an education to work with Lubitsch. I hope I may be so privileged many times again."

Mr. Marshall would like to arrange his work so that he appeared in pictures for three months out of the year, thus enabling him to make two or three films. The other nine months he would like to appear on the stage, one year in New York, one year in London.

He is not especially charmed with Hollywood as a place to live but admits that he has not really had time to judge properly.

"During the months I was on the Coast I worked so hard that I had little opportunity to make friends. And it is really by the people one meets and the friends one makes that one judges a place."

"Do you think your marriage—or any marriage—has as good a chance for survival in Hollywood as elsewhere?" I asked him.

"Off-hand I would have to say that as far as I could judge there were many happy marriages in Hollywood. Most of the people I met were happily married—and had been for some time. But it may have been that I met only the hand-picked conservatives.

"I think that in Hollywood, or anywhere else, a sense of humor is the most necessary requisite for a happy marriage. As far as Edna and I are concerned—here's hoping and believing that we both have

that. If we have, then we're all right."

"Well, I'll waive asking you any more questions about Hollywood on one condition, Mr. Marshall. That is, that after your next trip out there, you'll be prepared to answer any and all questions I can ask!"

"That's fair enough," Mr. Marshall agreed. "When I go out again, I'll collect all sorts of opinions and information

for you. I'll tell you just what I think."

So, there's nothing left but to be as patient as possible and wait until Mr. Marshall has looked over the cinema capital again, to hear him express his views on life and love in Hollywood. For express them he will! It isn't every day that one meets a star who answers queries as thoughtfully—and as fearlessly—as Herbert Marshall

"Better-Half" Doublets

Continued from page 33

mental courage could be used as the athletes used them in the ancient Olympic games where success in the games meant success in life.

Our mouths are indexes of our appetites and how we satisfy them. Constance Bennett's lips are very provocative. The Marquis' lips are larger, fuller, and while indicative of a friendly expressive nature are not nearly so suggestive of passion as his countryman's, Maurice Chevalier's. There is an ancient Chinese saying to this effect: "Show me a man's eyes and I'll tell you what he might have been. His mouth shows what he has been." Certainly mouths do reveal our desires and much about how we gratify them.

However, it's the chins that show how much of a contest or battle we will undergo in achieving our hearts' desires. Strong chins and jaws show the love of conquest and certainly the Marquis' are not those of a quitter but of a winner. Constance Bennett's jaw has its greatest strength at the back so she will not be so interested in sports as her titled husband; however, any ground she gains in the game of life will never be easily or tamely given up. Hers is the jaw of grim determination under emergency. When a husband and wife both have such strong firm jaws, it's best that they have the same point of view. Or if they can't see things eye to eye, as it were, at least agree to reason out their different viewpoints, for both being so grimly determined it would be just too bad if neither agreed to give in!

Since poets tell us "the eyes are the windows of the soul" and do most unerringly reveal our inner natures, let us compare the souls or personalities of the Marquis and Constance Bennett as revealed by their eyes. To begin with they are most different in size, shape, coloring, and even in slope or angle on these most interesting faces. They literally and figuratively see things differently through radically different eyes, temperaments, and understanding. Her eyes are light, large, arched-browed, and slanting upward at the outer corners. His eyes are deep-set, straight-browed, darker, and tip down at the outer corners. Since all features speak a universal language let's see just how much difference this would indicate in their natures. Students of human nature around the world would agree with the casting director or personnel man who cast a man with such eyes for a part in reel or real life where he had to be scientific, clear-sighted, direct, dexterous, interested more in form and accuracy than in color. Constance Bennett by contrast sees the world through rainbow glasses as suggested by her exotic, high-arched brows. There is a similarity in their mutual love of beauty of form but with her, color, change, charm are more essential than accuracy or a scientific viewpoint.

Since this difference in eyes is so often noted in married couples, let's see how it could lead to misunderstanding if not reasoned out. All women who share with Constance Bennett these high-arched brows,

love color, display, change, and like the colorful rainbow after the summer shower, are sometimes hard for the straight-browed, serious-minded man to understand. Plodding existence seems very drab to ladies with such brows; they have no martyr complex!

A couple who both look at life through a rainbow might be too light-hearted and gay, but whereas in this case one has such a different, more direct, serious viewpoint it would be wonderful indeed if they discuss their points of view and agree on the things of mutual helpfulness. For instance, women with such brows are seldom color-blind, yet among men with such brows as the Marquis four percent are color-blind; on the other hand these men are generally clear-visioned, accurate, dexterous, and make good in many fields requiring these qualities. Let's imagine a couple of these extreme types who love to drive—but let's say the woman with the high-arched, exotic brows is so artistic and exotic that she does not drive well and hates machinery; also let's suppose the husband dotes on driving but is color-blind or partly so. His observation and accuracy will make him a dependable and deft driver which, plus her ability to read the traffic signals, will enable them both more ably safely to ride the highways. This, of course, is just an illustration of comparative natures; for instance, if all the women of Constance Bennett's type knew how much color, glamor, and romance they could add to the lives of men of the Marquis type there would be more happy marriages.

The straight-browed man is often annoyed and a bit confused with the quick change of mood of his exotic-eyed wife, but with mutual understanding this can be as interesting and helpful a team as any; however, all too often they spend a world of time trying to make each other over. I believe Miss Bennett and her husband have been wise enough not to attempt to remould each other.

Fortunately both have eloquent, expressive mouths; neither looks repressed. Someone asked how to tell by a man's mouth whether he was an extrovert or an introvert, and the answer was that an introvert's mouth looks as though he had been weaned on a pickle.

When an inquiring lady visited the studio of the great artist, Whistler, she asked him how he mixed such wonderful colors and he answered, "With brains, Madame!" So two natures can be as colorful and different as the colors on an artist's palette, but handled with brains or an understanding of human nature they can make their lives happy indeed.

Constance Bennett and the Marquis are just as different as they look—both have rare intelligence and understanding and have mixed with all kinds of people. Let's wish them the success of Whistler—that their life together be a wonderful and colorful picture even though they see the world through different eyes.

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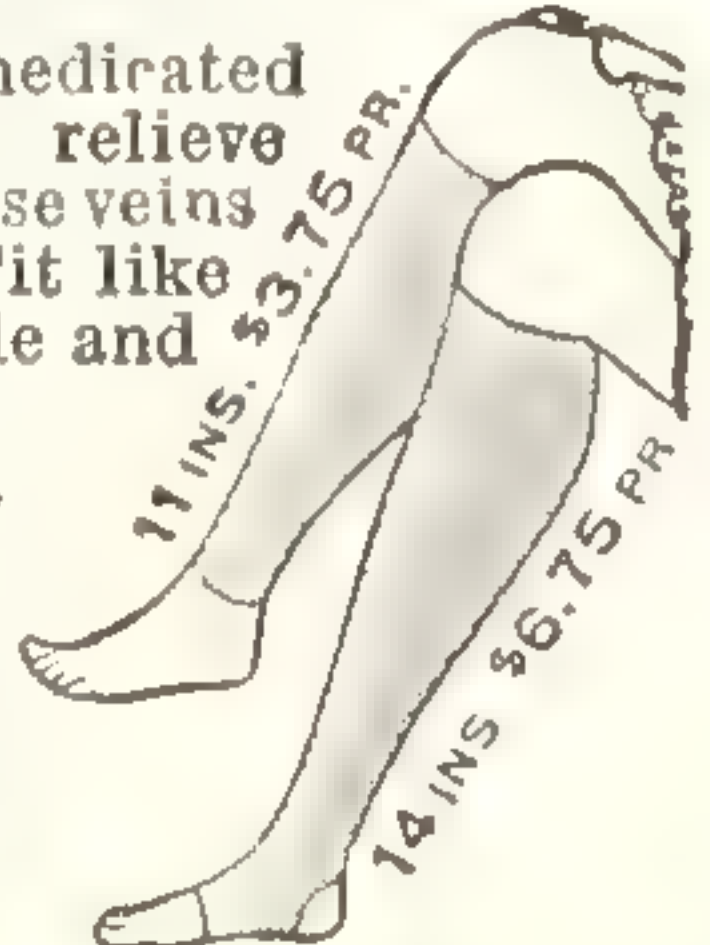
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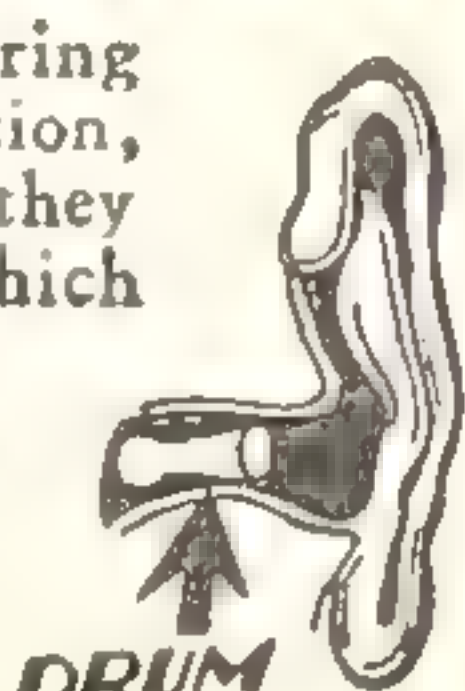
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The Great Jungle Gang War

Continued from page 21

steam-heated, electrically lighted and handsomely furnished, as befits a gang chieftain. And who should be his guest but the Panther Woman!

Lion Man (pouring her a glass of champagne): The minute I saw you, Baby, I knew you were the cat's!

Panther Woman: And did I fall for you! You're the toughest lion-man I ever came across, and I've seen some pretty roar specimens.

Lion Man: Why do they call you the Panther Woman?

Panther Woman: Because I'm a dangerous gal—I scare little boys right out of their panth. Honey, will you do one thing for me?

Lion Man: Anything you say.

Panther Woman: Well, the next time I dine with you will you invite Mickey Mouse?

Lion Man: For company?

Panther Woman: No, for dessert.

(The noise of roaring motors is heard without. Two big cars containing the Ape Man and his mob dash up to the entrance of the cave.)

Ape Man: All right, boys, let 'em have it!

(The apes poke machine guns through the car windows and fire a fusillade of bullets, then speed away.)

Lion Man (emerging from under table): Ho, ho, never touched me! How about you, sister?

Panther Woman (springing down from chandelier): Didn't get a scratch. Now what?

Lion Man: I'm sick of this jungle—it's gettin' too civilized. Come on, let's go to Hollywood, where a brute can feel at home—

Panther Woman: —and where a lady can be a cat and still be a lady. Let's go!

THE END

What I Think of Bob

Continued from page 62

This Woolsey may be a skinny guy, but I would rather fight a heavyweight. Although he looks frail, he is very wiry. He is always in good condition and can go round you like a buzz-saw.

I get a lot of laughs out of Bob. He reminds me of a banty rooster. Early in our careers together, I discovered that Bob liked to boss me around and "mother" me. And I've been letting him do it ever since.

We like to go vacationing together at such places as Agua Caliente, Palm Springs, and Lake Arrowhead. I know that Bob thinks I am helpless, so I let him make all the arrangements, pack my bags, and pay the hotel bills. You ought to hear me give him the devil, if he forgets anything. I always borrow money from him on these trips, and then we argue for hours over how much it was.

All kidding aside, Bob Woolsey has great strength of character. He is reserved in manner and conservative in habits. His rise to the top as a comedian has been an example of sheer determination and fight. Like a bulldog he never gives up. I recall a pet gag of mine in "Rio Rita." It always got a big laugh from the audience, and a bigger one from me, because Bob could never top it. He did his darndest every performance for eight weeks, but he finally wangled it. In my opinion, he is one of the smartest, fastest, and best comedians on screen or stage. Any time a comedian plays opposite Bob, and isn't on his toes every minute, Bob will run him right off the stage.

Everybody is familiar with the Woolsey comedy trade-marks, his cigar and glasses. He can't work without them. One of the few times I have ever seen him blow up in his lines was when a prop man gave him the wrong pair of glasses. I have to get credit for something in this team. I am responsible for the cigar. After seeing him chew one up by accident in a stage scene, I persuaded him always to use it, because it suits his nervous, high-strung, cocky personality.

As a comedian Bob has a magnetic personality. He is so full of fire, so smart and snappy in his style that the moment he steps into a scene with that machine-gun

delivery of lines, the sparks start to fly. Despite his smart, cocky character in comedy, he more than holds his own in winning sympathy and popularity. At devising comedy situations, writing lines and timing laughs, he has no master.

In private life, Bob is not a particularly good mixer. That's one thing he lets me do. Neither one of us like to "rib" or play practical jokes on other people, so that's in our favor.

Bob has two sports, golf and bridge. Despite his lack of muscle he can hit a golf ball a mile, shoots in the eighties and I can't beat him. He is a bridge shark and can hold his own in any company. When we play together we fight worse than any man and wife combination that has ever played.

One of Bob's human weaknesses is betting. He doesn't care for gambling in the public places for big money. He is too smart for that. Leaves that to Wheeler. But he will play bridge for any stakes, and he'll bet on anything.

Bob has saved his money. He is a very shrewd business man. Yet I have known him to spend a small fortune trying to recover a lost pet dog, and the dog was just a mutt. Despite his business acumen and matter-of-fact manner, he is an easier push-over for a sympathetic touch than I am. He is really a soft-hearted little guy.

I hand Bob Woolsey most of the credit for my picture success. If it hadn't been for him, we would never have stayed up where we are now. I couldn't be bothered with all the worries and fighting. But Bob loves it.

He loves to argue. He loves to fight for his rights. So I let him fight for *our* rights!

I let him take care of our picture stories, and do all the battling with the studio executives and directors. If he thinks we are right, he will fight to the last ditch. I let him take it on the chin, and after one of those studio conferences, when everyone is wanting to take a punch at him, I walk by, and they all say:

"What a swell little guy that Wheeler is!"

Some time ago we formed the Bobert

Corporation, so that I could be protected from myself. I am supposed to be very dumb about money matters, but I will say in my own defense that I never opened one of those peewee golf courses. Bob did. I was the only customer he had, and I al-

ways charged it. His theme song for the course was "Three's a Crowd." He hates to be reminded of that \$15,000 he lost, but he did keep his sense of humor when he posted that closing notice: "Opened By Mistake."

What I Think of Bert

Continued from page 63

bad investments, without a squawk. No one ever hears him mention money. To Bert, money was only made to give him and his pals pleasure.

Now, he is going to save his money. We have formed a corporation, pay each other a nominal salary, and we are forced to save the rest. My greatest ambition in life is to see that Bert accumulates another fortune, with sufficient income and paid-up insurance policies, to take care of him comfortably in his old age.

Bert was worse than a wife when it came to knowing his bank balance. He just kept on writing checks until his banker would stroll by his table at the Brown Derby with the jolly greeting:

"Hello, Bert. You're overboard."

Bert is a natural comedian, with rare talents for commanding sympathy and pathos, as well as laughs. I am a manufactured comedian. After seventeen years in stock companies acting every type of rôle, I deliberately adopted comedy to live. This was necessary because of my lack of physical requisites for other rôles. When I first met Bert in "Rio Rita," I adapted my cocky, bragging type of comic to suit Bert's personality. Possibly the only thing that saves me as the co-star of the team is in making myself even dumber than Bert! Audiences will usually laugh at the smart guy, who pretends to know it all, when they know that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

Bert doesn't know how he gets his laughs, nor can he explain. But he is sure-fire as death and taxes. He may not be versatile, nor have a particular style of comedy. He doesn't have to. He is Bert Wheeler, and there is only *one*.

An author must know Bert intimately in order to write lines for him. He can't say bright lines, nor play with tongue in cheek. But that infectious catch in his voice and his sweet, sympathetic little dumb-pan never fails to panic the cash customers.

The little cuss even makes me write most of his comedy lines, which means that I always have to give him the best of it. Maybe he isn't so dumb after all.

Don't get me wrong. Bert knows his way around. He is just too good-natured and lazy. He hates to rehearse, but I can always depend upon him to bob up with some excellent comedy lines and business. No, Bert Wheeler didn't get where he is today by accident.

Bert has terrific vitality. My hardest fight is to persuade him to take a rest from work between pictures. He is forever wanting to make personal appearances on tour, or radio broadcasts. He is so restless and nervous that he always has to take an airplane to wherever he is going, so that he can get there as quickly as possible. He claims that he likes to go places between pictures, because he needs a little mental relaxation after his hard work on the story. After what I've been telling you, go ahead and laugh.

At that, I would rather go vacationing with Bert than anyone else, even if I do have to do all the work. He is great company, has a swell disposition, and a marvelous sense of humor. Never talks shop or business. And his one idea in life is to keep himself and everyone else happy.

He hates to be alone. He loves crowds. When he isn't working he never misses luncheon at the Brown Derby with the gang, nor dinner at one of Hollywood's bright spots. He is a familiar figure at all sporting events from the fights to six-day bicycle races.

And I'll have to admit that he has a way with women. As to his choice in girls, he is a swell picker. (Miss Patricia Parker, please note advt.)

Bert is an Irish Catholic and I am a Shriner—but we'll never go to Reno.

I took him for better or worse, so I'll just have to keep on taking care of the helpless little punk!



Bringing Africa to Hollywood! By the crafty use of cameras, lights and scenery, director Eddie Cline makes the California locale of the Wheeler and Woolsey comedy, "So This is Africa," look like what it isn't.



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by

helena rubinstein

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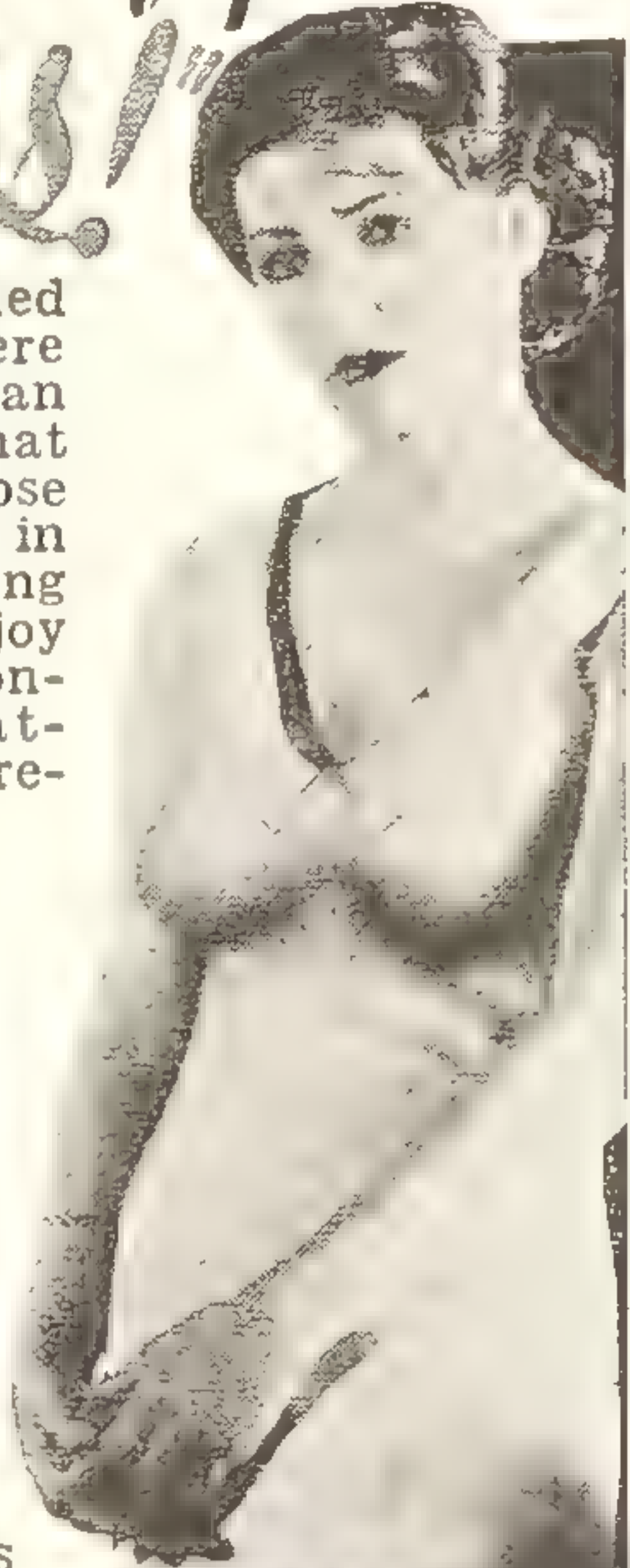
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Camera Magic!

Continued from page 55

when I speak of shooting her 'as is', I mean that I try to give the audience the illusion that she is a real girl living in an actual scene. You mustn't take away illusion, or all you will have is a set of actors acting in a compo board room with two walls, or whatever it is.

"Just as poetry has more force than prose because it builds up an emotional response in a reader, so suggestion creates illusion. The secret of the best shots is what is left to the imagination."

Mr. Walker is known as a "woman's camera man."

"I can do men, of course, but they need less imagination," he says. "You find out how to light them in the first scene and use that lighting all through the picture. With a woman, it's different; she puts on a hat, or changes her dress and you must think out another scheme. It's more interesting. The harder the subject, the better I like it."

"They send me a pretty young girl. She's young and she's pretty. You light her to bring out her best points and that's that. What about it? But take a girl like Barbara Stanwyck or Helen Hayes and you have something absorbing. You could work with those girls for ten years and still think of a new composition, a different mood."

"When I'm after a certain effect, I tell the girl I'm shooting just how far she can turn her head, how many inches she can afford to move this way or that without spoiling the shot. I give her as much freedom as I can, but I warn her that if she forgets there may be a bad light across her nose or a shadow making an ugly line on her chin."

"Carole Lombard is a good camera subject. She always listens and seldom forgets."

"Jean Harlow is so very fair that she needs less light than other girls. I remember how hard it was to do well by both Jean and Loretta Young when they worked together in a picture with me. Loretta needs more light and when she got it, that washed Jean out."

"Everybody liked Jean. They used to say she was the only 'lady' in the studio, because she was so sweet and quiet and polite. The other ingénues around there are nice girls, but they love to cut up and do the sort of harmless, wild things girls do now. I suppose if Jean had behaved as the others normally do, people would have been horrified. Jean is such a sensational beauty that she must watch what she does."

"There are tricks to glorify stars, to age them, to take away years, to wash out moon faces, to add Oriental cast to their features and so on."

"In 'The Bitter Tea of General Yen,' I lit Nils Asther with high lights on his cheek-bones, which left the lower part of his face in shadow, and I also threw a slant shadow down on one side of his face, the other side being kept soft—this gave a slant-eyed effect. Chinese eyelids are not like ours, they have no folds, so I had to watch the lighting on his lids, too."

"This is all very well when the actor is standing still, but the grief begins when he walks about."

"A stiff problem for camera men is a scene wherein several people need special lighting. I have a staff trained as a team to take care of this. On signal, at each new entrance new lights will be substituted for old, new softening or sharpening processes brought into play."

"Say that you have John Barrymore doing a scene in which he is twenty-five, with a heavy who must seem menacing and a

leading lady who has a double chin or a nose much too long. There are three problems all to be worked out simultaneously. So long as they stay apart, great care will keep them young, wicked and lovely, but one or other must suffer if a long shot prevents all the lightings, or if someone crosses in front of the light that is responsible for the leading lady's jaw."

George Robinson, first cameraman for Universal, gives a few rules:

"To make an older person young, shoot your lights down on them to sharpen features; put silk over these lights, and the effect is achieved."

To make a youngster older, shoot lights directly at her, even with the eyes, enough light only to outline face and disclose features, thus causing lines and shadows, and you can add ten years without make-up."

"To change an ingénue into a hard-boiled gangster's moll, light one side of her face strongly, and the other side just enough to reveal features; this sharpens the face and makes it look hard."

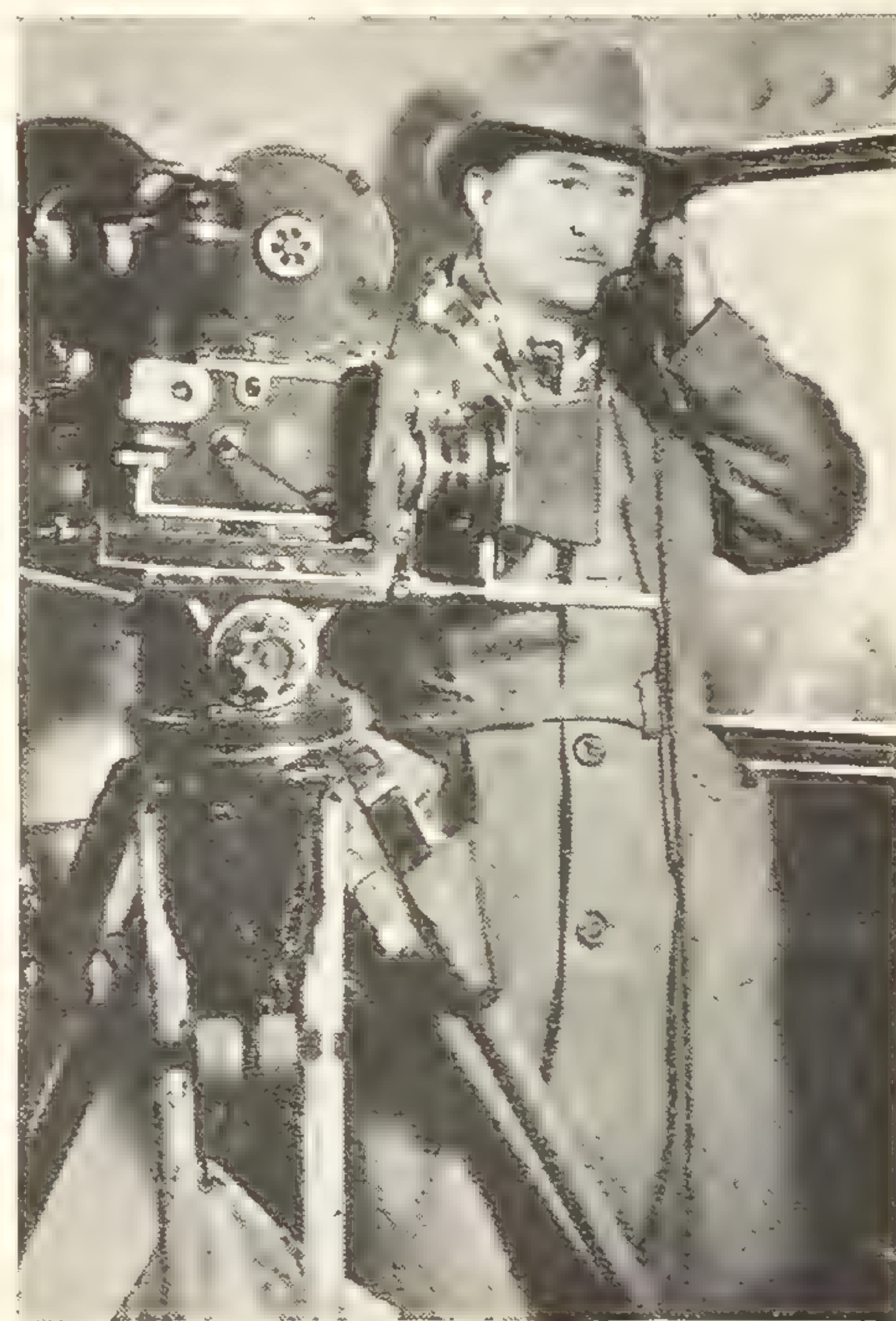
"In 'Nagana,' Tala Birell had played a sweet and lovely girl for a sequence, then we had to shoot a scene showing her coming out of a forest where she had gone through danger, trouble, and fatigue. She had to look worn and haggard. We put oil on her face to bring out the high lights and by use of more light than usual made her seem glassy-eyed and exhausted."

"To help a character express fear, light only one side of his face strongly; this brings out all the action of the muscles of the face and you have it."

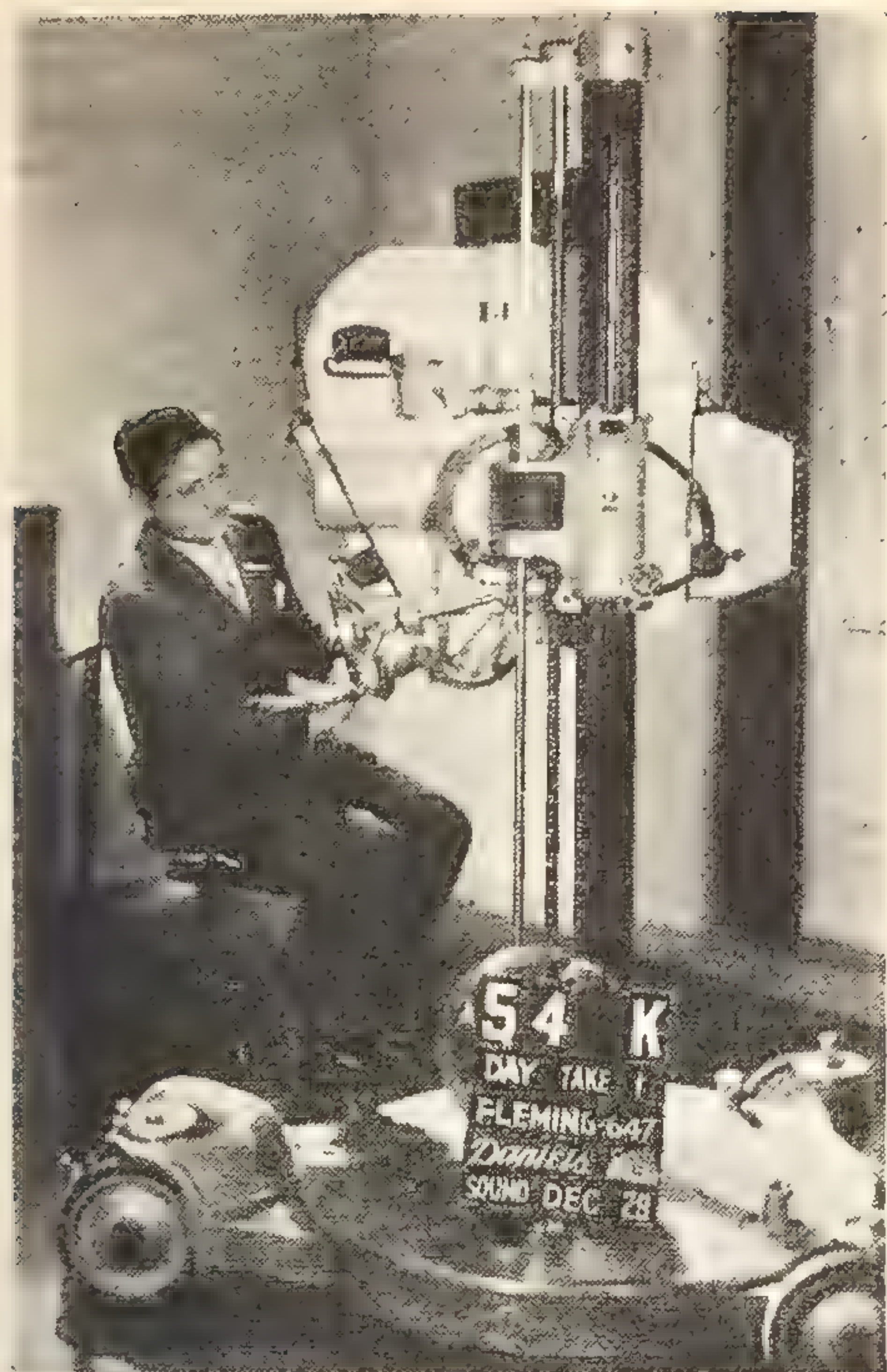
"To show you how lights can help an actor express anything, I'll illustrate. Bill!" —(to an actor seated on a circus bench for the set of "The Big Cage")—"Give us a mean look—the best you've got!"

Bill rose and glowered at us, viciously. A signal to an electrician swept a light his way and his features became even more menacing.

"Do it again!" ordered Mr. Robinson. And this time the light that came washed away all signs of menace, so that Bill appeared to be slightly miffed.



Joe Walker, Columbia's ace cameraman, descends to the ocean's floor in a diving chamber to shoot scenes for "Beneath the Sea."



To Bill Daniels, Metro photographer, goes much of the credit for Lionel Barrymore's strangely gruesome scenes in "Rasputin."

"This picture needs special lighting because we are shooting animals in action. We have to use a long focus lens, light up the entire scene so as to keep animals in view all the time, and then shoot hot sharp lights from one side, thus outlining them in relief. The odd part of screening this action is that Clyde Beatty, the young trainer who plays lead in the picture, is faster than the animals and it means quick work to catch all action in proper focus.

"The cameras are placed round the outside of the big cage, the face of the machines stuck through openings cut to fit them. These well-trained animals pay no attention to the cameras, but I remember another picture in which the beasts were not so well trained. Every now and then one of them would try to get out of the cage through a camera lens and spoil our shot!"

"The best example of aging a player without make-up happened in 'The Right to Love,' said Charles Lang, the camera man to whom belongs credit for filming 'Farewell to Arms' for Paramount Studios.

"In that picture Ruth Chatterton had to play a very young girl and her mother, a woman of perhaps forty. I was used to working with Miss Chatterton, and I found that the lighting for her other pictures, with usual make-up, was sufficient for her creation of the 17 year old girl; when she played the part of the mother, we simply washed off all make-up, including lip rouge, gave her a gray wig, and shot slightly downward to exaggerate incipient lines around her mouth and under her eyes, giving the effect of added years.

"She looked forty, not seventy, as screen mothers sometimes do.

"Helen Hayes is an ideal camera subject. You'd never look at her off the screen and say, as people used to say of silent stars: 'She looks like a million dollars!' but she's worth ten times more than the million dollar girl because she has infinite variety. You can make her appear lovelier than the other girl with back-lighting, contrast and so on, but you needn't do that and your scene will be very moving.

"They used to think that a leading lady must always be gorgeous. If she was lying in a cellar starving to death, her hair must be back-lighted into a halo, her face must be lit so that she lost all character lines,

etc., and she must look like nothing that ever starved in a cellar.

"But now in a scene with a real director, we use only a moderate amount of light; you see the girl dimly, with no light on her hair except what falls naturally through the shaft or window of the set; you get effects as she moves that are far more interesting than the old theatrical lighting permitted.

"An interesting shot in 'Farewell to Arms' shows Gary Cooper lighting a cigarette in bed; his face is lit up briefly as the match flares.

"No ordinary match flare would show against the other lighting; so we had the prop department fake a cigarette with ashes on the tip and fitted it with a tiny dental light. Small wires went down Gary's arm and under the bed clothes; the light had a dimmer on it and when it was time for the flare of light on Gary's face, the operator worked the contraption and we got it."

To get the hypnotic effect into Lionel Barrymore's eyes when, as "Rasputin," the actor is called upon to hypnotize the little *Czarevitch*, Bill Daniels, ace camera man at M-G-M, used two tiny points of light from a baby spotlight, one to shine into each eye. These lights were blue so that they photographed differently from the ordinary yellow lights on the set.

When Lionel used his whirling watch to mesmerize the child, Bill had one light casting a flicker on the boy's face, another focused in pin points on each eye and the same on Barrymore's eyes. The effect is intensely weird.

"But if Lionel had had to move around, I couldn't have kept the hypnotic gleam in his eyes," admits Bill.

Victor Milner, veteran cinematographer of 22 years' standing, responsible for such triumphs as "Trouble in Paradise," and "Love Me Tonight," declares that a good cameraman can read light just as some people can read music. They can look at a person or a set or a scene and know exactly how what he sees will look on the screen.

"You learn to translate the color before you into its screen self, you visualize how your leading lady's face will photograph and know instinctively where to place your lights to get the best effect. Raising a light three inches may make the difference between success and failure.

"Marlene Dietrich is exotic. Her chief charm lies in revealing her so. Some lighting schemes will wash out this quality and give you just a pretty German girl. With Marlene it is not a question of beauty, it is catching the expression.

"Jeanette MacDonald, for the rôles she has played, had to be light, gay, soft and beautiful. The right lights will give you these qualities in her; the wrong ones will either harden or wash her out.

"To make a woman merely beautiful is just a pain in the neck to me," confided Mr. Milner. "Anybody can back-light a girl's hair into a mass of flame that looks like a halo, throw soft lights on her from correct positions so that she has a glorious, unearthly beauty,—but what you have done is to create something unnatural.

"We like realism now, or the illusion of realism, at any rate.

"The girl who looks lovely to the eye often does not to the camera. This is because what is within seems to be caught by the camera's eye, so that she who has something to give will get over on the screen even though to the eye she looks like last week's wash."

One of the best-known men in the business is Arthur Edeson, now shooting "Auction of Souls" at KBS-Tiffany Studios.

"One of the great temptations in a cameraman's life is to become so interested in



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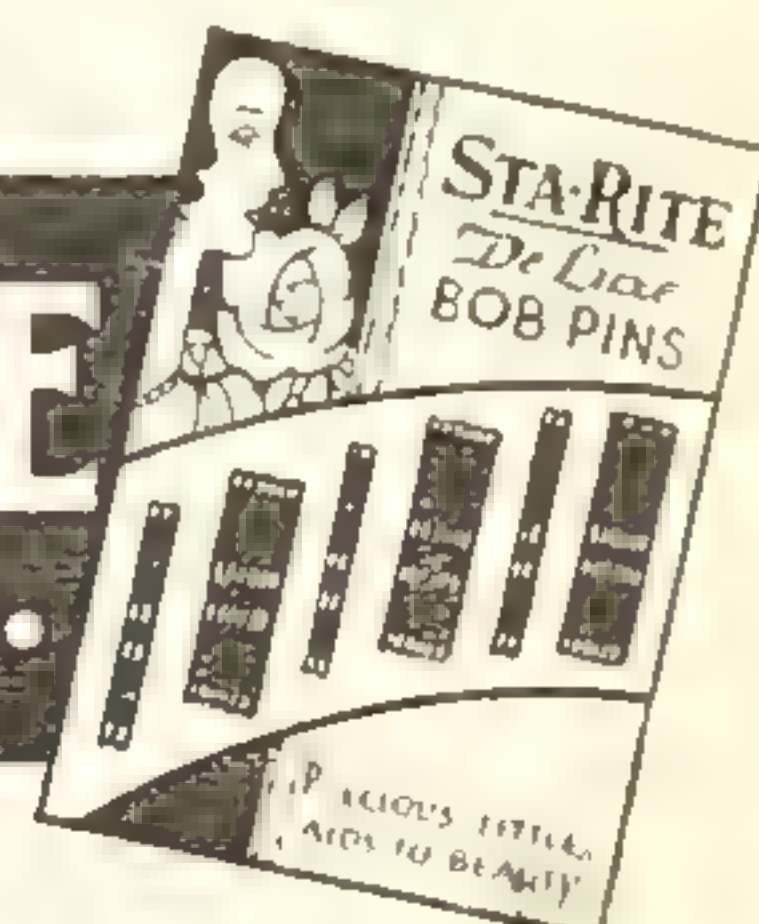


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fine photography that story value is overlooked," observes Mr. Edeson, "the result will be an almost inanimate painting, instead of a moving picture.

"However, the camera can create a mood, add glamor, deepen mystery and heighten tragedy.

"Candle-light or moonlight helps romance, especially if you place your lights so that lovely things surround the lovers—a fountain in a garden, a detail of casement window, flowers in a slim vase, etc.—are discreetly visible.

"Shadows enhance tragedy. You can throw them up high on a wall behind your characters so that they seem to dominate the helpless figures below. You can reach out from dim corners with them so that they seem like clutching hands of fear pursuing their victim. You can sharpen the face of your terror-stricken actor with them, or soften the eyes of a girl in love."

Critics' reviews of pictures almost invariably amuse cameramen when they touch on photography.

"Critics always rave over stuff done in gorgeous scenic spots," remarked Mr.

Walker. "But any tenth-rate cameraman can go out to the Painted Desert or up into Utah or the Feather River canyon and come back with fine shots that will get glowing notices. Of course the man knows his business, but nobody could help getting good stuff because there isn't anything else to get.

"The test comes when a chap has to take a compo board room and make his audience think it is a real home with atmosphere. That's where a cameraman simply has to be good!

"In 'One Way Passage,' the cameraman did wonders with Kay Francis walking down corridors, going up stairs, on decks, etc., and not one critic mentioned his work. They probably thought Kay Francis is a pretty girl and she was on a boat,—well, a boat's a boat and it can't be hard to shoot a girl like Kay on one. They didn't take into account that he got atmosphere, beauty and variety into shots that might have been monotonous, dull and perhaps downright ugly. His space was limited, so were his backgrounds,—his effects would have been limited, if he hadn't been great!"

Joan Crawford Confesses

Continued from page 25

was unhappy, but because I wanted an education, I overcame my shame of the menial labor and I studied hard—very hard. Meanwhile, I determined that I should some day be wealthy, so that I need not feel that burning sense of inferiority that poverty caused me.

"When the time came for me to choose my life's work, I chose the stage, because that seemed to hold greater promises of success. A man is able to achieve wealth in hundreds of business careers but the way for women is limited. I went to New York. Then, for the same reason that I had chosen the stage, I switched to motion pictures—they offered an even swifter passage to fame and fortune.

"When I became a stock actress at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I was temporarily happy, for I realized that I was in a position to advance. I knew that stardom was certain if I worked hard and studied, and I have never been afraid of either.

"But I soon became discontented as a stock actress. When I passed stars on the studio streets, I was ashamed that they were stars and I was only a bit player. I was so ashamed that I worked the harder to achieve their importance. I was not envious; I am never envious. I do not begrudge others their success. I was only ashamed that I was not a star, and I was more determined than ever that I should progress.

"Today I have arrived at some of the goals I set for myself. But now I find new aims; other things to reach for. For example, I am studying French. When I visited Europe with Douglas last year, we went to France. There he talked like a native, for he was educated abroad. And as we stood among crowds of people and he conversed with them and interpreted for me, I became terribly ashamed that I was not prepared for just such a moment. I realized that I had wasted hours that might have been devoted to study, and I determined that upon my return to Hollywood, I would take up the study of French. I have already engaged a tutor, and when I return to Europe next year I shall be able to carry on my own conversations."

I sat without thought of interruption throughout Joan's confession. She concentrates amazingly when she talks. Her body is like a tightly wound clock spring—at great tension. A frown forms between

her eyes, her teeth seem to snap off her words and her lips tighten into hard, straight lines. Once or twice her fingers clenched and she struck firm fists against the arms of her chair for emphasis.

As she talked, I recalled the Joan Crawford whom I knew many years ago—when she was a stock girl—and I was startled to find that she has changed very little. Even then she talked as she does today. Even then she told me of her great desire to be successful, and she confessed that shame motivated her every action.

Writers and critics of today delight in describing Joan's transitions since those early days of her career. But there are no such changes. She is inherently the same woman in "Letty Lynton" and "Today We Live" that she was in "Pretty Ladies," the picture in which she forecast, with an unimportant part, the magnificent success she ultimately was to achieve.

Joan has expanded, as a woman must in eight years. She has grown, as a tiny sprig develops into a beautiful, spreading tree that reaches upward and outward, groping among the heavens for greatness. She has progressed surely and steadily, as a rivulet gathers power and depth on its march to the sea.

But nothing she has achieved is any miracle of transition. Recent pictures may display more cinema footage of Miss Crawford, but her characterizations are no more poignant than were her younger and less important portrayals in "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Sally, Irene and Mary."

Whatever changes may have taken place are purely physical and mental—the natural variations that time brings about. She is more slender today than she was a few years ago, but that is because she has learned that her body photographs better when underweight. She knows better how to wear clothes. She has acquired a thorough technical knowledge of screen acting. She knows the poses most agreeable to cameras; the positions that photograph most gracefully. But these are all physical alterations and have nothing to do with the woman inside.

There are no spiritual changes that I can discern, and Joan agrees that there are none. Years ago I knew her as a groping, hopeful, striving youngster in her middle 'teens; a girl who ever looked upward and ahead, and never backward except to re-

view her mistakes and guard against their re-occurrence.

Today she is the same. Time may have written the story of her struggles across her face and imprinted the tragedies of her heartaches indelibly in her eyes, but time has not altered her soul. Her serious sense of living and her insatiable yearning for improvement of mind are plainly stamped on her features, but no changes have been tattooed on her soul.

I believe that Joan is the most intelligent woman I have ever known. I say intelligent; not intellectual. There is a vast difference. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., recognizes it, for one day he said to her, "Billie, (his nickname for Joan), people say I am intelligent. They are mistaken; I am intellectual. *You* are intelligent, and I would gladly exchange with you. You instinctively know the proper answers to human problems. Your knowledge is natural. My intellect is trained, and therefore superficial."

Joan is the most honest person I know, nor do I intend to convey that she is too frank. I mean that she is honest with and about herself, as only a rare few of us humans are. She detests insincerity. She hates liars and I have known her to strike from her list of dearest friends one whom she discovered to treat truth too lightly. Something inside of her—a sixth sense, perhaps—draws her instantly to persons blessed with similarly graceful honesty.

There is an inspirational quality about her that flames like a torch. It warms you if you really understand her. After fourteen years of Hollywood, I have long since lost all degree of awe in the presence of the movie greats, yet I find myself awkward and humble when I am with Joan. I can't explain; I only know that I have such a tremendous respect for her.

The longer and the better I know her, the more impressive I find Joan to be. One recent day when we were motoring from the studio to her home, I uttered an uncommon word in conversation. She interrupted me instantly, and from a compartment in the tonneau of the car she removed a dictionary in which she traced the word's origin and meaning. I shall never forget the glow of satisfaction on her face as she replaced the book. A few days afterward she reminded me of the word and recited its precise etymology! Joan always keeps that dictionary convenient, and she

never fails to investigate words whose meanings she does not fully comprehend.

If you do not believe that I so deeply respect Miss Crawford, and if you think that all I have written is just so much writer's poppycock, permit me to inform you of what happened to me on the day I interviewed her for this story:

It was one of those "unusual" California days—the rain was pouring down in torrents. After I left Joan, I walked from the sound stage towards the front offices. Rain fell in bucketfuls, and twice I waded through sudden streams that swirled about my shoe-tops and sought to sweep me away. A cold wind whipped razor-edged drops of water into my face, blinding and choking me.

And abruptly I said to myself, "You fool, *you're whistling!*" Whistling, in the most damnable weather California has ever seen. Whistling, in the teeth of a gale that threatened to fling me bodily into one of the myriad of temporary lakes formed by the cloud-burst. Whistling, while my shoes oozed water with every step, and while my ears, cold and red and raw, dripped icy drops inside my collar!

When a man whistles in the face of such savage outbursts of the elements, he is drunk, in love, or inspired. I had not touched liquor and I'd have run away from love. *Ergo*, I must have been inspired.

I told Joan I intended thus to describe her greatness.

"But I'm not," she protested. "Greatness comes from within. It is not stardom or wealth or physical achievement. It is a spiritual motive that may elevate the lowliest slave above his master."

"Exactly my own belief," I agreed.

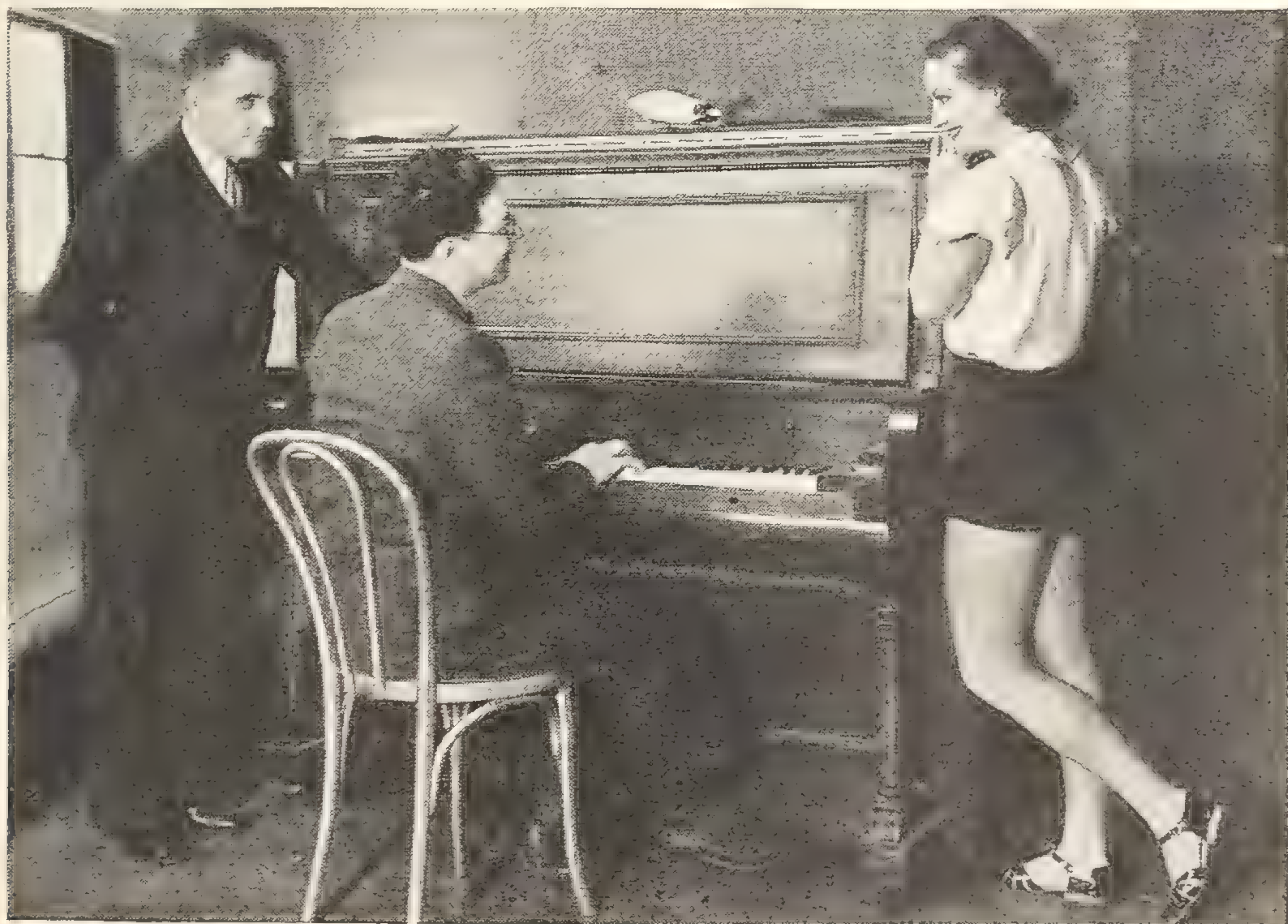
And when I call Joan inspiring, I do not refer to her achievements. I pay allegiance to her womanly instincts. I offer respect to a woman who is not afraid to admit that she is ashamed of her deficiencies and who is constantly striving to overcome them.

As I left the studio, I paused to show a member of the publicity department a photograph I had posed with Miss Crawford.

"Lucky dog," said he, "to have a picture with such a famous star."

I laughed. "Lucky dog," said I, "to have shared a photograph with such a remarkable woman."

As I departed, he stared after me as though I were crazy.



Keeping in trim! Joan Crawford takes frequent dancing lessons by way of maintaining that girlish figure. Here she is about to step into a routine under the watchful eye of her dancing instructor.



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Exploding the Joel McCrea Myth

Continued from page 23

sensation of having had a spotlight at his heels, it is likely that when he does marry it will be with a maximum of quiet and unobtrusiveness.

"What actually happened was too uncomplicated, of course, for Hollywood to consider. I was starting in pictures. I wanted very much to make a go of it. And I realized quite clearly that I knew nothing, absolutely nothing. I sincerely wanted to learn—so naturally I went with women of intelligence and knowledge, enchanted by their wisdom and technical experience. By a lucky fluke for which I am profoundly grateful, the stars I played opposite liked me enough to let me hang around and listen to all the shop-talk. I didn't break furniture at parties, or get drunk or try to mooch. I was no hanger-on in any way, which I suppose was a point in my favor. And people, the right kind of people, are always kindly disposed toward a real desire for knowledge."

Looking at him, and considering him, one really has to question the consistency of that high intellectual plane. Questioned, he is undisturbed.

"Oh, naturally I didn't look on them as school-teachers! I'm not blind. They are charming, glamorous—and I love to look at and listen to glamorous, sophisticated women. Inevitably I was romantic about them. I did have a crush on Connie Bennett, for instance. But, for the love of heaven, whose life *doesn't* contain pleasant relationships here and there quickened into romance?"

"The whole trouble is this cock-eyed business of magnifying the usual things of life into terrific, dramatic proportions—a chronic Hollywood failing."

It is not, however, a McCrea failing. Joel—forthright, unfooled by anyone or anything—has as level a head as you will find under the California sky. That expertly-publicized sun, the California, has done no more to Joel than give him an excellent tan. Around our studios, where success is often a form of sun-stroke, Joel is immune even to prickly heat.

"I am no actor—but I have the advantage of knowing it. As long as I play parts that are somewhere within the range of my own personality, I get by all right. I have really studied and worked until I am not entirely unsure of myself. The spark that makes great, destined actors just isn't in the old bean—or heart, or soul, or wherever it is—it lights. But I like doing it anyhow—I like being a part of it."

"Also, since I have a good deal of Scot in me, I have no objection to the money I make. If I can keep on for five years more, I'll have an assured income of five hundred dollars a month for the rest of my life. That is a grand, concrete thing to work toward."

When he recently re-signed with Radio, friends attempted to persuade him to hold out for a shorter contract and more money than the raise the new contract provided. He is a good drawing-card and his present status would reasonably warrant such a move. But their advice was tranquilly ignored.

"Suppose I put up such an argument and executives called my bluff. Then where would I be? It might just happen that I'd fall into something better at another studio—and then again it might not. It's pleasant for me at Radio and I can look fairly confidently toward that income at the end of five years. I don't want Hispano-Suizas and marble swimming-pools. I

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just want to work my ranch and know that when I have a bad season there will be an income to tide me over."

The ranch is a recent acquisition. When I first met Joel, a couple of years ago, he spoke at some length about his desire for a ranch—real, not dude—on which to plant the roots of his life. It sounded, to a bitter skeptic, like a very pretty conceit fresh from the mind of a press agent. Well, it wasn't. That theory was quite brutally exploded by Joel's brilliance on the subject of water-mains and fertilizer.

"It's the damndest, most exciting thing that ever happened to me! This ranch—my ranch—is part of the ranch I worked on when I was a kid. When I was a cow-hand on it, I used to be crazy about this particular part of the land. And when the owner, an Englishman, just went back to England and vaguely left the whole thing to the air, the foreman remembered my enthusiasm for that section and when it came up for sale gave me first crack at it.

"It is such beautiful country! Up in the mountains—cool and fresh even in midsummer. On my ranch there are *two* springs, and the richest grazing land in the whole district. It's covered with magnificent trees, and green, not brown like most California country. Yellow poppies and blue mountain violets as far as you can see, and the air has a clear mountain smell that almost makes you drunk."

Already he has planned the modest, but roomy log house which will go on it. He now leases his grazing-land to his old friend the foreman. When the five years are up, Joel will stock it and run it himself. Aided and encouraged by the little woman?

"How can I tell now? But probably, I guess."

One of the glamor girls lured up to the mountains to preside over a ranch-house? An unlikely picture.

"Of course not. I'd never marry a woman like that—nothing would be more incongruous. I like to go with them, but not domestically. And I never go with the kind of woman I'd marry. Which sounds silly, but I suppose it's a sort of defense because I feel I'm not ready for marriage yet. When I marry, it will be a quiet, sweet, conservative girl with no spotlight on her."

A Tail of Two Scotties

Continued from page 31

blooded hero type," added Jill. "You know, they're always pulling babies out of burning buildings, or dashing into the scene to chew up the villain just in time to save the lovely heroine from his clutches. Those dogs just aren't *real*."

"What we'd like to be on the screen," continued Jock, "is just a couple of genuine, honest-to-goodness dogs that like their fun, enjoy a good debate, and know how to hide a stocking or a glove so it'll stay hidden. Personally I don't care much for burning buildings, but I'm a pleasant fellow enough to get along with, and I know how to be agreeable company to a bonnie girl Scottie—"

"I suppose you're the soul of courtesy toward *me*," interposed Jill with heavy irony.

"If you keep interrupting me I'll have a bone to pick with you," said the man of the family, severely.

"Pick it yourself," she retorted; "I'm not at all marrow-minded. Besides, any time you've ever had a bone, I noticed you did all the picking yourself!"

"Here, you youngsters, none of that

Until then, let rumor erupt where it may, he will be heart-whole, if not continually fancy-free. He does not lose a romantic interest, he says, but after a few weeks realizes that he would be quite unshattered if the lady did. When she does—with both of them continuing amiable and friendly—Joel is off to his ranch, riding the trails of his mountain kingdom, plotting a fence here, a well there, happily picturing the house presently to stand under the trees.

Before he goes up there for good and all, he would like to appear in one really fine picture. Preferably "The Wind Blown" by Don Byrne.

When he says that Byrne is his favorite author, it is no idle statement. He can quote practically any requested passage from "Blind Raftery" or "Messer Marco Polo" or what you will.

He thinks the movies have been very good to him—paying him for trips to Alaska and Honolulu, on location. He has never had a manager, arranging all his business and contracts himself, with hard-headed Scottish logic and determination. In an argument, he is a tough baby, as executives about town have learned conclusively. His family wanted him to be a lawyer, but when he found it would require additional years of college, he abandoned the idea, since he disliked, anyway, the prospect of being in any kind of office. When he decided to be an actor, it was purely because it seemed to offer an opportunity to ride the range on good cowponies—the only example he had considered being William S. Hart. When he was a child, his father had instituted the custom of the children working for the luxuries they wanted, that they might intelligently appreciate their value. Joel delivered papers, worked on road construction, on a ranch, when he felt the need of a new bicycle or shot-gun.

"That's one reason I can stand up and argue with studios about some point of disagreement. I am not dependent on the screen. I have worked with my hands before and I can again. It wouldn't be such a good living, but it would be pleasant and I am equipped to do it."

Thus, on as good an exit line as any, we gracefully conclude the explosion of the the Great McCrea Myth.

bickering," said artist Dennis, coming over and joining us. "You see," he explained, "they're practising up on their temperament, now that they've become actors."

"But there's one thing Jock and Jill and I all agree on about this picture work," he continued, "and that is, that the pups should absolutely be themselves when the scenes are being made. None of this business of getting effects by starving or beating the performers. We're photographing Jock and Jill in perfectly natural attitudes—walking around, sitting and talking things over between them, playing, and so on. They'll never be conscious that anything unusual is going on, and that's the way it should be."

"Some people think it's funny, and some can't grasp it at all, but I'll stand by my theory that dogs' thinking processes are damaged by repression, coercion and cruelty just the same as children's are. That's especially true of performing dogs. To take a couple of helpless animals and push and pull them around, or strap their front legs to their bodies so you can manipulate artificial legs on them for 'cute'

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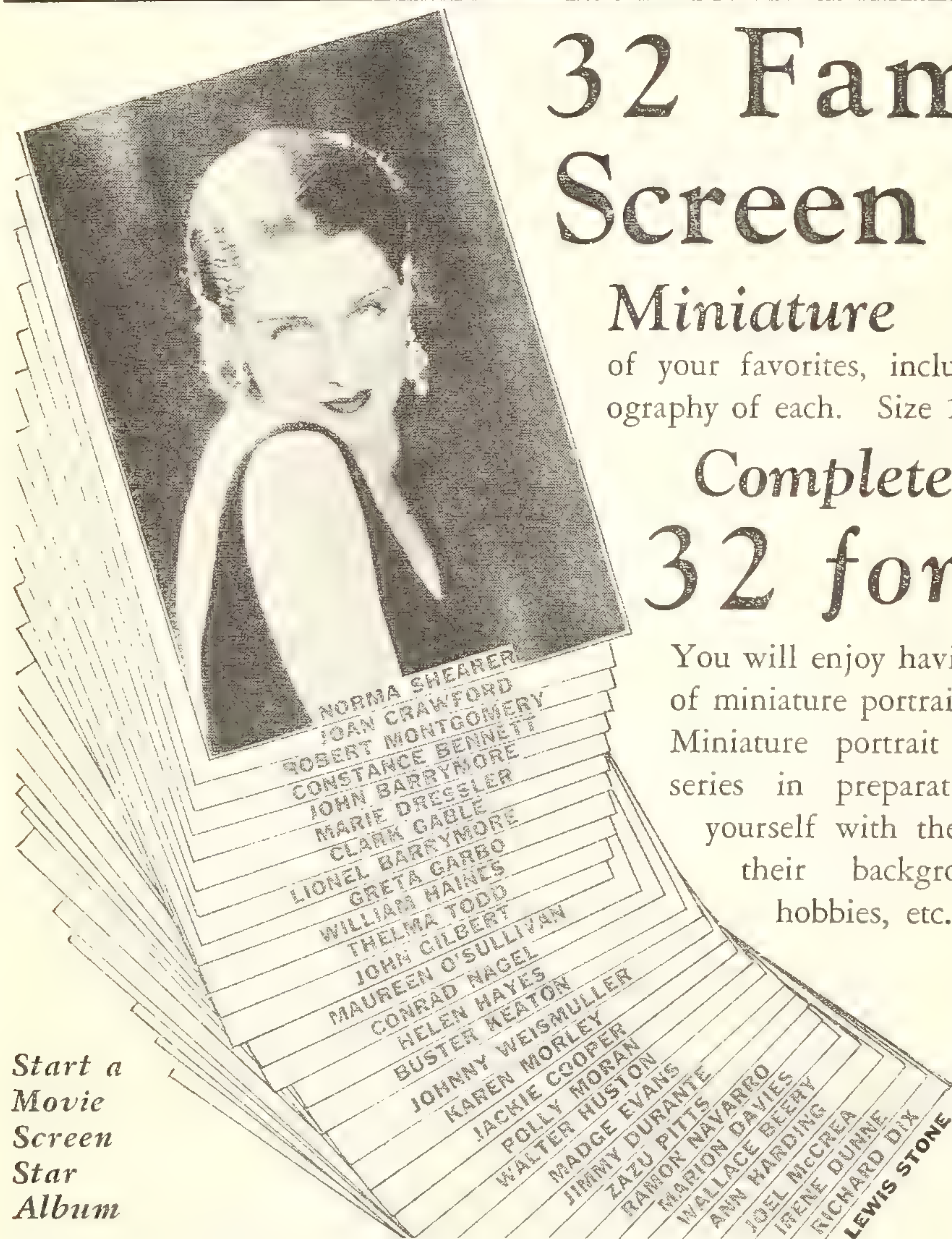
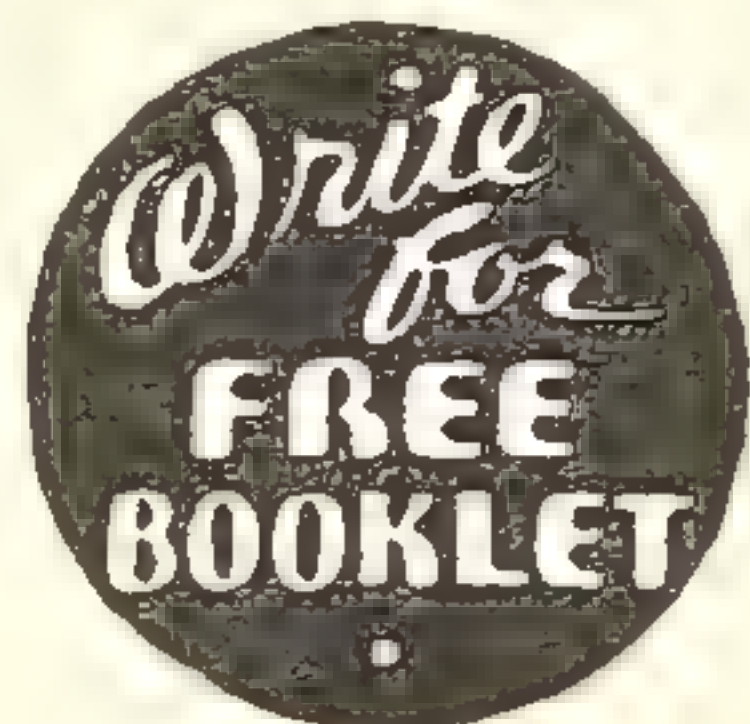
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effects, or even to make them work day after day in a hot studio under strong lights, is worse than cruel. Besides the physical cruelty, there's the constant wonder going on in the little creatures' brains as to what it's all about, and why they must be pestered so, instead of being left free to run about as they ought."

In the "Jock and Jill" series of dog shorts which he is making, Mr. Dennis explained, no artificial expedients are used to make the dogs "act." They are encouraged to roam about the studio practically at will, and as much footage as possible is taken of them—many times more than is needed in the picture. In this way enough suitable shots are always obtained to fit the requirements of Will B. Johnstone's script; and when the dialogue is dubbed in by human voices the results are surprisingly realistic. The leading human rôle in the films is played by Mr. Dennis himself, with the pretty blonde, Eva Farrell, recruited from the New York stage, as the feminine appeal.

The official names of Jock and Jill are Albourne Reveller's Lad and Rarity of Hillwood—but you'd better smile when you call them that! Jock is a veteran of many dog shows, and has come within an ace of being a blue-ribbon winner. In their pictures the pups are supposed to represent those two alertly attentive Scotties in Dennis' most famous etching, popularly known as "Listen," although he originally titled it, "When Do We Eat?" These celebrated pups served him well by carrying his name throughout most of the civilized world, first as the trade mark for a brand of motor oil, then as an emblem on children's suits, a design for windshield ornaments, and in a variety of other ways. It is an interesting paradox, however, that the actual pecuniary reward which he reaped from all this popularity was amazingly small.

Though it is his dog etchings that have brought him his chief fame, Morgan Dennis' interests as an artist are by no means confined solely to canine subjects. Some years ago he made a trip to Ireland—a country that has always fascinated him—and brought back with him a stack of etchings of the lovely Irish countryside. These won wide favor, over here as well as in the country of their origin. Later he became interested in backstage scenes, whose contrasting light and shade effects present some pretty problems for the etcher's art. He interested the late Florenz Ziegfeld in the idea, and the result was a series of backstage etchings from sketches made in Ziegfeld's theatre. And so, while dogs continue to be his chief interest, there is no telling into what by-paths of his art his fancy will carry him next.

"Well, we three are going out for a bit of a stroll now," concluded Jock's and Jill's custodian. "And don't let anybody tell you that Jock isn't a gentleman, a scholar, and a judge of good trees!"

Ask Me!

Continued from page 8

Twelveteens was "Young Bride" with Eric Linden, Arline Judge, Polly Waters, Cliff Edwards and Roscoe Ates.

Lee M. Very few of the important actresses have achieved sudden stardom. Many have had years of stage experience, even beginning as child actresses. Among them are, Bebe Daniels, Madge Evans, Dolores and Helene Costello, Mary Pickford, the Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy, and any number of others. Gilbert Roland is Clara Bow's leading man in "Call Her Savage." Others in the cast are Thelma Todd, Estelle Taylor, Monroe Owsley and Willard Robertson.

Happiness in Hair!

Continued from page 67

alive, dry it with your hands and towels. In salons where the care of the hair is considered as well as its immediate appearance no heat is used for drying except in emergencies.

When your hair is about half dry begin to brush it. I do hope you have a splendid, stand-by-you, serviceable brush! Save your pennies and get a good brush. You don't want one that merely slides along the surface of your hair. You want one with long, firm, but limber bristles that penetrate your hair and stimulate your scalp.

Julie Haydon, the girl who looks like Ann Harding, is showing you in her picture I am using with this article, how to brush your hair *up*. This is absolutely the correct way. Separate it into sections. Place your brush firmly on the scalp and give it a complete stroke upward. Brushing polishes your hair until it shines like burnished metal. It exercises the roots strengthening your hair and making it grow. Besides, this brushing makes your hair fluffy. Brushing upward keeps it from lying flat on your head in a spiritless way. Nothing has yet been invented to take the place of brushing.

A good result is to be had from bending your head over to brush *up*—you know, like Aunt Mary used to bend over to get her hair gathered into her top-knot. Leaning over brings the blood to your head which is good for your face, your eyes, your ears, as well as beneficial to your hair. Even one such shampoo and treatment as this will leave your hair gleaming and silky. Now, how are you going to arrange this lovely hair to be most becoming to you?

Tight waves and a complete marcel all over the head are seldom seen any more in the smartest places. Antoine, of Paris, knocked the marcel into a cocked hat when he gave his show at the Savoy-Plaza in New York. All of his arrangements had plain spaces somewhere on the head to show off the beauty of well-cared-for hair.

Constance Bennett has always been a

pioneer in the matter of hair-dressing. No actress makes better use of lovely hair than she. She started the new popularity of the half-fringe bang. Isn't it true that when you think of Constance Bennett's appearance you think of her shining hair almost immediately? And this in spite of her amazing eyes.

Kay Francis is another actress whose hair one always remembers. She has gone in for a new softness about her face, instead of the sleek, chic, satiny appearance of yore. They are both becoming to her, as you've observed on the screen.

And what do you think of Alice White's bloneness? It makes her look incredibly young. Both she and Mary Carlisle are cute no end with their saucy, soft little upward turn in the back. Not for the mature types!

There seems to be a general renaissance of the quainter ways of doing up hair. Dorothy Wilson exemplifies this trend with her hair brought simply, but softly, back into low knots behind her ears. A nice way to show off a lovely contour of cheek, throat and ear, isn't it?

No wonder Miriam Jordan seems to have Warner Baxter completely hypnotized! Just how much of her appearance of exquisite grooming and feminine beauty is due to her shimmering, obedient hair? Without understanding her other charms and talents, isn't it her hair that attracts you?

All of these picture girls who stand so prominently before the public use every means to add to their "illusion of beauty." Every woman can do the same thing for herself and reap proportionate rewards in her own life. We like to believe that beauty of mind and character is expressed somehow, somewhere in the physical. When you can have the tremendous advantage of beautiful hair so easily, why not promise yourself, and me, that from now on your hair will always be at its silken, shimmering best? That's being smart—in more ways than one!

It's the Cats!

Continued from page 34

will not make a satisfactory performer.

The ordinary cat cannot, or should it be said, will not, master a repertoire of more than four or five tricks. Knowing this, the trainers do not try to overburden a cat with countless stunts, and restrict each cat to a selected group of tricks which it is taught thoroughly.

One of the hardest tricks for a trainer to teach a cat is that of stopping and starting. The difficulty will be appreciated in connection with sound-pictures for commands cannot be shouted to the performing animal from the sidelines. Tabby must be taught to obey silent commands.

At one time Kerr used a cat in a motion picture scene which required that the cat enter a room, walk across it, pause in the center of the room, look back at the point from which it had entered, and then proceed to the opposite wall where it was to jump to a high window-sill.

"King," the prize performer of Kerr's collection, was taught to perform this trick. The cat was taught the stunt in several operations, learning first that once it had proceeded half-way across the room and looked back at its trainer who stood at the point from which the animal had

entered, it would be rewarded with a tasty bit. Being kept hungry, and knowing it would not be fed until it had walked to a designated spot and then looked backward, it soon handled this section of the stunt with ease.

The trainer then placed a bit of food for the animal on the high window-sill to which it was to jump. Occasionally food was given to the cat when it reached the half-way mark on the floor—frequently enough to cause the cat to pause there and glance back to see whether or not food was forthcoming.

When it came time to "shoot" the scene, no food was placed for the animal. It slowly entered the room while the cameras were carefully focussed upon it, walked half-way across, and then stopped, looking back to see if the trainer was going to throw it some food as he had previously. The trainer, meanwhile, had hidden from sight. When the cat saw it was to go unrewarded, it decided to proceed across the room to the opposite side, jumping high to the window-sill in the hope that other food awaited it there.

There you have it—see how easy it is to make a cat a good actor!



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The Public Be Heard

Continued from page 6

“CLEAN” PICTURES

I'm glad I went to see “The Bitter Tea of General Yen,” for it was a good picture, well acted. But in the midst of it, without the slightest provocation and of no assistance to the plot, a bath-tub appeared on the scene and we must forthwith witness the charming heroine taking a bath. Recently I saw “No Man of Her Own,” and the same thing happened. “The Match King” also had its big bathing moment, and I could enumerate five other films I have seen recently in which the bath-tub is hauled in with no real *raison d'être*.

What's the matter with the directors? Do they consider bathing a novelty? Or have they a job lot of bath-tubs on hand? Let's have less “bathos” in our pictures!

Mignon Quaw Lott,
Baton Rouge, La.

“SUPERB” ASTHER

This is my first attempt at a “rave” for a movie star, but I am going to make up for lost time.

May the biggest bouquet that ever grew go to Nils Asther! His superb performance in “The Bitter Tea of General Yen,” a tender, beautiful story, is the height of fine acting. The diabolical yet charming General whose fascination shows a human streak is played to perfection.

I read not long ago that Nils was to play with Helen Hayes in “The White Sister,” but Clark Gable got the part. Clark is a grand actor, and all that—but what's the matter with Nils Asther?

I'm sure I must be one of many who want to see Nils more often. Wake up, directors and studios, and give Nils Asther bigger and better parts. He deserves them!

Kathleen M. Anderson,
Coronado, Calif.

“GREAT”? HE RATES IT!

After having seen that much-talked-of player, Charles Laughton, in “Island of Lost Souls,” I realize how truly he is called a great actor!

He makes you forget completely that he is taking the part of a fictitious character. Several times during the performance I found myself thinking that *Dr. Moreau* had really lived (gruesome thought!). Laughton somehow convinced me of it. Nor does he attempt to “rub in” the drama—he speaks in a low tone, yet in so compelling a manner. And, not least of all, Laughton appears to have a delightful sense of humor.

Kathleen H. Kirwan,
Bronxville, N. Y.

BETTE, TAKE A BOW!

Too little is said of the perfectly natural, unspoiled Bette Davis.

One can almost feel a certain restfulness and ease come over an audience when she appears on the screen. Perhaps it's the beautiful way she handles that adorably lanky figure and long neck! And again, it may be we are tired of “beauties—just beauties”; we want, at times, individuality. And goodness knows we get it with Bette. Why, she's actually able to hold a cigarette without danger of burning herself! And as for her manner of speech—well, it is simply what you would expect from a girl who is so utterly charming and graceful.

M. Smith,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

*SHARLIE GOES HOLLYWOOD!

* With apologies to Mr. Jack Pearl

Charlie: So, Baron, you are going to Hollywood?

Baron Munchausen: Suah, I'm going oudt dere to make pitch-ures for one hundred billion dollars a veek, directed by Irving Thalberg, Ernst Lubitsch, and Frank Borzage, mit script by Eugene O'Neill, George Bernard Shaw, and Anita Loos, und playing extra in my first pitchure will be Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, und twenty dozen lions, und fifty elephants, und one hundred camels, und my Cousin Hoogo, und Mickey Mouse, und—

Charlie: Ridiculous!

The Baron: I beg your stuff?

Charlie: Why you can't get all those temperamental stars to play extras in your picture!

The Baron: Vas you dere, Sharlie?

Seriously, Jack Pearl is going to Hollywood, and next month in SCREENLAND you will read all about him. This magazine has long been aware of the affinity of the radio and the motion picture, and was the first screen publication to give you a radio department as a regular feature. Now we will give you, *first*, the most entertaining story you have ever read about Radio's funniest man, Mr. Jack Pearl—in the June issue on sale April 25.

Tune in every Friday at 4:15
STATION

W O V

MUSIC

GOSSIP

NEWS

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 12



Luxury Liner
Paramount

Things are bound to happen when a ship carries such exciting passengers as George Brent, Zita Johann, Alice White, Vivienne Osborne, C. Aubrey Smith, Verree Teasdale, and Frank Morgan. You'll watch a domestic triangle unfold; a murder and a suicide, among other things. Alice White shines, George Brent scores, but the film doesn't quite hit the bull's eye of entertainment.



The Secret of Madame Blanche
M-G-M

This smacks of "Madame X," and several other self-sacrificing mother-love films, but Irene Dunne's brilliant presence adds lustre to the old story. The pictures will bring on the weeps—especially when Irene confesses to a murder in order to shield her son. But, rejoice, there's a happy ending! Nice work by Phillips Holmes and Lionel Atwill, but the applause goes to Irene.



Face in the Sky
Fox

A brash young sign-painter from the big city meets a sweet country girl and—you've guessed it—they fall in love! It's a sentimental story, and will make the sophisticated snicker. Spencer Tracy keeps the film lively when he's around—but he isn't around enough. Stuart Erwin and Sam Hardy make the most of their rôles. Marion Nixon is the country gal. Good cast, but oh, the story!

Ladies They Talk About
Warners

Excellent acting on the part of La Stanwyck helps to carry this otherwise implausible picture. Barbara becomes a "lady of the big house" when the man she loves and trusts goes back on her. After her release she seeks revenge, but her early love for him triumphs over her hatred. Preston Foster and Lillian Roth are capable in supporting rôles.

Sailor Be Good
RKO-Radio

Jack Oakie clowns and works hard but gets few laughs. Don't blame him—there just aren't enough comedy situations for him to put over. The story, such as it is, deals with sailors on shore leave, gals, and gin. Oakie throws over his square-shooting sweetheart, Vivienne Osborne, for a dizzy society cutie. But there's a happy ending.



Nagana
Universal

Anyway, you'll add a new word to your vocabulary—"Nagana" means sleeping sickness. Melvyn Douglas is a scientist who goes to Africa to battle the dread disease, and is followed there by the devoted Tala Birell. Thrills arise when the suspicious natives attack them, but Douglas turns loose his experimental animals—excitement! That nice Onslow Stevens appears briefly. Encore!

Dangerously Yours
Fox

If you like the "Raffles" type of crook story this will ring the bell with you. Warner Baxter plays the gentlemanly burglar with charming manners and taking ways. Miriam Jordan is the beautiful lady detective. As you suspected, Miriam falls in love with Warner, who, of course, reforms. Despite good work on the part of the cast, the action is a bit slow.

Blondie Johnson
First National

Just when we thought all the movie racketeers had been taken for a "ride"—along comes Joan Blondell as a "lady racketeer!" Joan is her usual breezy self, wisecracking her way throughout the film. You'll welcome back Chester Morris, who plays *Blondie's* partner-in-cinema-crime; and you'll applaud Allen Jenkins. It's entertaining

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Plan now to play it the next time you have company and know that your friends will congratulate you on being the first to introduce this popular New York game. Top off an evening of bridge with Hi-Jinks. Not only is Hi-Jinks a riot of fun for grownups but children love it too. Many mothers buy Hi-Jinks for their kiddies. They say it trains them to think quickly and correctly.

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S-5

Here's Hollywood!

Continued from page 76

ANN DVORAK, rumored quietly back in Hollywood, is actually in Southern Italy, from where she wrote cards to Hollywood friends and indicated that it may be some time before she returns to America . . . Joan Blondell has been made Assistant Chief of Police of Fresno, California . . . Bebe Daniels will go to Europe this summer to make a concert tour to last about four months; she will open her tour in Barcelona, Spain . . . When the director of the Culbertson bridge series quit, Ely said, "It was because we disagreed on the Culbertson system" . . . Ruth Chatterton plays chess; George Brent plays polo. George agreed to learn chess if Ruth would take up polo, and at present they're deadlocked . . . George Arliss, who is very tender toward animals and living creatures, refused to permit fishing scenes for "Adopted Father," and only allowed to show part of his fishpole bent to indicate he had made a strike . . . Joe E. Brown went through high school and college in one week; on Tuesday he was made an Honorary Alumnus of Los Angeles High, and on Thursday he became an Honorary member of the University of California of Los Angeles Athletic Association.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., saw a preview sign on a theatre and stopped to ask what picture was being given its "try out."

"'From Hell to Heaven,' with Jack Oakie, Adrienne Ames, David Manners and Carole Lombard," informed the ticket seller.

"Hmmm! With that cast," murmured young Doug, "I understand why the title must cover so much territory."

BING CROSBY won his first notable success in Hollywood. He also met Dixie Lee, his wife, in the film city. And in addition, he likes Hollywood and most of his friends live there.

So he and Dixie, at considerable inconvenience to themselves, left New York and went to California's most famous city so that the Crosby heir might be born in the state its parents love most.

Henry Garat, imported from the Paris screen by Fox, is being hailed as the new threat to Chevalier's supremacy. Be that as it may, he certainly has excellent taste in reading matter!



HAVE you wondered what stars do after careers are ended? Here are a few answers:

Pearl White, former serial queen, now lives in Paris. She works in French films, and is a wealthy investor in several French night clubs.

Theda Bara, once the screen's foremost vampire, is now the wife of director Charles Brabin, and is a social leader in Hollywood. She attempted a screen come-back a few years ago.

Olive Borden, the Fox "girl with the most beautiful figure" a few years ago, is now in London, striving for a new career on English stage and screen.

Carlyle Blackwell, the first matinée idol of the screen and still called motion pictures' handsomest star, also lives in France. He habituates the Casino in Monte Carlo and other popular spas of the Old Continent.

Josef von Sternberg keeps to his high standards of feminine companionship. These two beautiful Teutonic ladies are Frau Liane Haid and Fraulein Lui Deyen, of Berlin.

When good Barrymores get together! Mr. and Mrs. Lionel and Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore made up a distinguished family party at Palm Springs.

THE new fun-fad in Brawly-wood, started by Dick Arlen and Charlie Farrell, is the substitution of stars' names for other words in conversation. Here are some examples, and you'll find it entertaining to invent others:

"Don't go putting on *Ayres* around here."

"If I pay you a dime for the knife, who will be the *Gaynor*?"

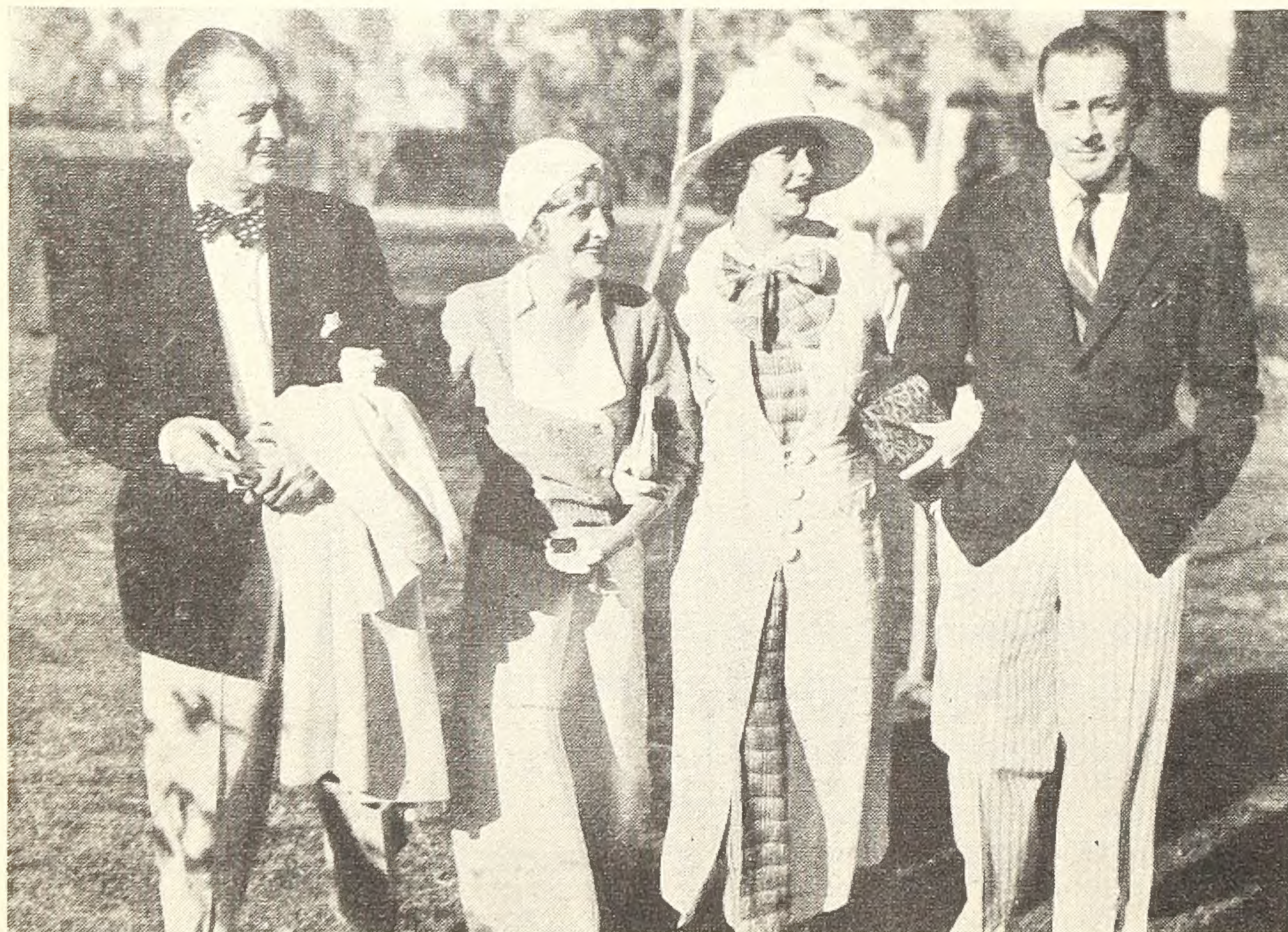
"He's a great man, but he has his short *Cummings*."

You may even enjoy dialect or vernacular, such as:

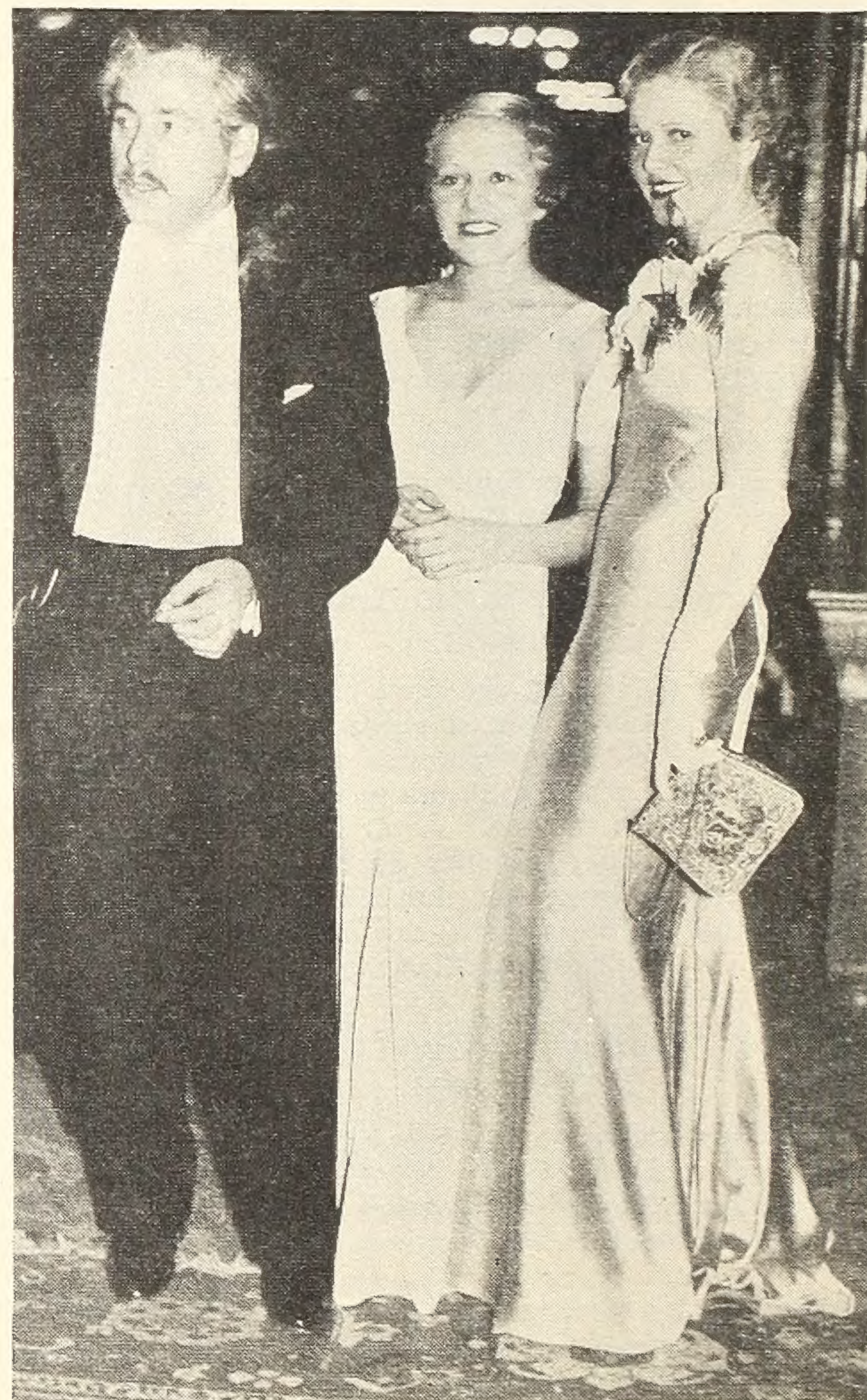
"A *Boyd* in the hand's worth two in the *Busch*."

Or you may resort to semi-blasphemy: "*Blondell*—she's a bleached brunette!"

BERT WHEELER says he saw a game of "Bridget"; bridge played by midgets!



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Protect your complexion from these harsh extremes. If your face has a tendency toward redness . . . if it often feels dry and rough . . . begin using OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder *at once*. Dust it on every day before going out. And again when you come in.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the only face powder in all the world made with an *Olive Oil* base. It is soft and fluffy in look and feel, yet it clings longer than any other powder. With the very first application you'll notice a distinct improvement in your complexion.

Try this *different* face powder today. It is delicately scented and comes in 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

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SIDNEY FOX, beautiful Universal star, in a scene from one of her recent pictures.



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